

Sports Illustrated

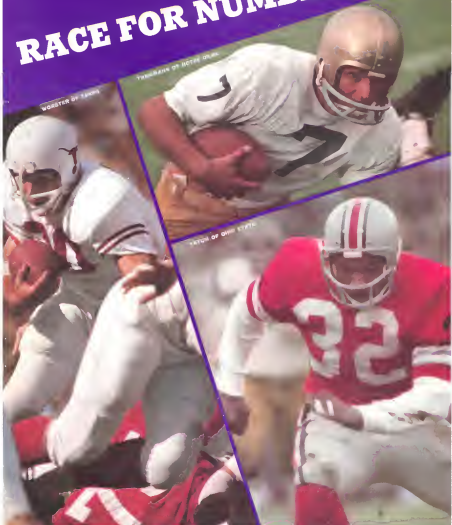
NOVEMBER 9, 1970 80 CENTS

RACE FOR NUMBER ONE

WORSTER OF TEXAS

THURMAN OF NOTRE DAME

ATCHESON OF OHIO STATE



Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano.



MAYA MORIN, Italian film actress, appears in Federico Fellini's SATYRICON.
Her "Galliano Gold" gown is by famed Italian designer Biki of Milan. Photographed at "Palatine Hill," Rome.

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An actuarial table is something you put knickknacks on.

Right?



Our definition doesn't have
a leg to stand on.

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a point. Too many of us know
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The New BFG Lifesaver Radials.

Your life should be riding on them.

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Next week

THE WORST PLAYER Alex Hawkins saw it in his 10 years in the NFL was Alex Hawkins. In the first of two parts, the ex-Colt tells how he performed at six positions. Poorly.

THE LITTLE MAN is back in pro basketball—Calvin Murphy, Mack Calvin, Bill Keller, Nate Archibald. How they are being used and why they succeed is reported by Roy Blount.

THE CHAMPION nobody knows is Joe Frazier, who has never enjoyed the life of a public figure. Martin Kane reveals the man behind the gloves as he prepares for Bob Foster.

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SHOPWALK

A new first-aid kit is tailored to some
special ways in which you can get hurt

Snowmobiles, campers, trailers, surfboards, water skis and the latest in bikes and boats all offer prospective purchasers new ways to enjoy the outdoors. As has been fairly well established, however, these things also offer users a whole raft of brand-new ways to hurt themselves. Now there is at least one new product to cope with that contingency as well. It is made by an outfit called Relevant Products, Inc. and it is called Safe-T-Cell.

Safe-T-Cell is a first-aid kit that comes in four models, each designed to fit the potential hazards of four different categories of outdoor enjoyment: on the water, in the air, in the woods and on the snow. The contents of each kit were determined after a careful statistical study of the types and frequency of injuries in each category.

The wintry Safe-T-Cell, designed specifically for snowmobilers, contains gauze, a wire splint, various kinds of bandages, dressings and pads, an elastic bandage, sterile eye pads, Merthiolate, a tourniquet, adhesive tape, aspirin, tissues, safety pins, a razor blade, a rescue blanket, chocolate bars, waterproof matches, nylon cord and a compass. If nothing else, you'll have plenty for the kids to play with while you wait for help. All this is packaged in a polyethylene cylinder that floats, is waterproof, airtight, shatter-resistant and easily attached to the snowmobile.

The autocamper, aircraft and marine kits are similar in design but have slightly different supplies. Each retails for \$13.95, except the marine variety, which at \$17.95 includes a mouth-to-mouth rescue breather, Dramamine, snakebite kit and additional burn ointment. Since the items in the other kits, exclusive of packaging, would retail for \$14.45, the Safe-T-Cell is an unquestionable bargain.

But according to Stephen Brundt of Relevant Products, it is much more than that. "There are two general kinds of first-aid kits in the stores now," says Steve. "The one at popular price—say between \$3 and \$12—contains primarily gauze items and has no capability for splinting, wrapping or survival. The fancier kind is priced at around \$40. These are comprehensive kits, but they're very costly and often contain exotic food."

Safe-T-Cell, on the other hand, according to its designer, Mack Thomas, fits the first-aid equipment to the likeliest need, providing basic survival capability at moderate price. Which will be a real plus after you've finished paying for that new snowmobile or airplane. Contact: Relevant Products, Inc., P.O. Box 1096, Louisville, Ky. 40201. Phone: (502) 368-1648.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

ANGRY MAN

Bob Cousy's remarks last week on the Cincinnati basketball situation sounded more like a comment on the times than a defense of his position (he has been denied for trading away the Royals' two biggest stars, Oscar Robertson and Jerry Lucas, especially since his revamped team has not been winning). Cousy was a prime force behind the establishment of the NBA Players' Association in 1953 and once threatened to strike the All-Star Game, but he is harshly critical of the high-salary, no-cut, no-trade position so many players now have. "The reason we did not get fair value for Robertson and Lucas, as it now appears," Cousy said, "is because they could tell us which teams they were willing to be traded to. Contracts today are ludicrous. The players should get as much as they can, but when it reaches a point where it harms the game it's time to take a stand."

"Give the players all the money they deserve, but don't guarantee it. Don't tell them they don't have to work for it. When you eliminate motivation, you eliminate competition, you eliminate accomplishment. I read where Lucas has lost a lot of weight and is really playing great for San Francisco. What was he doing the last nine years—before he went bankrupt?"

GUN CONTROL

Used to be that the referee assigned to an NFL game carried his own blank pistol with him. Since hijacking became an international sport, carrying guns—even blank pistols—onto airplanes has become very, very unpopular. So the NFL has supplied each team with its own gun, and referees fly to their assignments weaponless.

BOOMING

The problems of snowmobiles (\$1, March 16) continue to come in for serious discussion. At the Third Annual Snowmobile Congress, held this October in Portland, Me., Polaris of Textron

Inc. announced that for the average consumer it would no longer make snowmobiles with engines larger than 488 cc. This means a top speed of no more than 50 mph, though Polaris said it would continue to make faster snowmobiles for racing. Other companies have not imposed such limits—Polaris made its decision some months ago, and it would take other companies too long to retrofit, even if they wanted to—but they will be watching closely to see whether limited power is the start of a trend. Herbert Graves, president of Polaris, said a new Massachusetts law on permissible decibels of noise "could put snowmobiling in that state out of business." The Massachusetts law sets the noise limit at 72 decibels, about the level of a noisy sewing machine. "They're passing legislation faster than we manufacturers can develop the methods of production needed under such legislation," Graves commented.

Despite such warnings, the snowmobile industry is still booming. (Valcourt, Quebec, for instance, where Ski-Doo's are manufactured, has tripled its population in the past five years and is basking in new-found prosperity.) Some economists caution that the pattern may be similar to that of outboard motors, where sales soared and then fell off drastically. Right now, though, despite opposition rising from injuries, noise and damage to the environment, snowmobiles continue to be bullish.

GAME PLAN

Cotton Fitzsimmons, who left college coaching at Kansas State to take over the Phoenix Suns in the NBA, does not completely agree with critics who say all the action in pro basketball is picked into the final couple of minutes. But he does indicate that there is a difference between college ball and the pros. In the NBA, implies Fitzsimmons, it goes something like this:

First quarter: the veterans warm up—after what may have been a transcon-

tinental flight—and sort of visit with each other.

Second quarter: this is the bench's quarter, so the subs have to warm up and get reacquainted.

Third quarter: dressing rooms are often chilly at halftime, especially in multipurpose arenas with ice rinks. Vets and subs both have to warm up again.

Fourth quarter: all hell breaks loose.

HORSE AND BUGGY GOODBYE

The old order is continually passing. Harness racing is as modern as floodlights, tote boards and all-weather tracks, but there is nonetheless a lingering feeling that it is really an old-fashioned sport. Watching a trotter between the polished wooden shafts of a sulky, you can almost see one man challenging a neighbor to a brush down a quiet country lane. Now even that stimulus could be on its way out. Joe King, a 54-year-old aeronautical engineer who has dabbled in harness racing since he was 29, put his scientist's mind to work on the problem of reducing wind resistance during a race. Result: an outer-space sulky with



a single shaft that arches up over the horse's tail and along his back to a point behind his neck; the shaft also serves as a wind screen. The driver no longer sits with his legs wide apart but keeps them together with his feet on a steel crossbar that passes through the shaft. An arc of spring steel serves both as axle and seat support.

The sulky was tested this summer and, despite a few minor quibbles, generally

continued

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SCORECARD

impressed even traditionbound drivers. Not only was wind resistance reduced, it was found that the single point of connection between sulky and animal let the horse move more freely, with less influence exerted on its gait than from the traditional twin-shafted sulky.

Very simple, neat, logical, efficient, but a definite departure from the horse-and-buggy age. It is no surprise to learn that Mr. King worked on the Apollo project that landed astronauts on the moon.

REAPING THE REWARDS

Mornings-after can be trying, and the echoes of all that champagne pouring at their World Series victory celebration may leave the Baltimore Orioles with a winter of discontent. The high salaries earned by the stars of this team are going even higher. Certainly Frank Robinson is not going to be cut any part of his \$425,000, and Brooks Robinson will probably jump from \$80,000 to \$100,000 plus. Dave McNally, the perennial 20-game winner, has already indicated he is after \$100,000, too—and where does that leave Mike Cuellar, who has won 48 games in two years and the Cy Young Award? Not to mention Jim Palmer, often called the best of Baltimore's three big pitchers, and Boog Powell, on whose hitting the Oriole fortunes seem to rise and fall. Baltimore's meager treasury is going to be hard-pressed to meet all the salary demands, even though the club won its second successive pennant, the season's attendance did not reach one million, and the playoff and World Series games in Baltimore were not even sellouts.

All this may have a bearing on the future of Harry Dalton, the Orioles' young, extremely capable director of player personnel, who has to handle the sticky job of talking contract with his stars. Several major league teams with front-office problems are reportedly after Dalton, and Harry might decide that there could be no better time to make his own move to greener pastures.

NEVER TOO LATE

Football's most frustrating moments are those dying seconds of a game when a team protects a meager lead by running out the clock. So it was in Southfield, Mich. recently, where Pontiac Northern High led Southfield Lathrop 12-8 and had possession of the ball in midfield with only three seconds to play. Quarterback Bob Chism took the final snap from

center, but instead of falling down routinely and letting the game end he hurled the ball in the air in victorious jubilation. The trouble is, he beat the clock. Lathrop's Gary Weinberg caught the ball and ran 43 yards unmolested for the game-winning touchdown. Final score: Lathrop 16, Northern 12.

LATEST FROM THE FRONT

Attention, revolutionaries. Women have gained on one front but lost on another. After years of harassment at the Boston Marathon and other for-men-only events, women distance runners have finally been recognized by the AAU. Heretofore, the AAU had decided, paternalistically, that any distance farther than a paltry 2½ miles was too strenuous an undertaking for the tender sex. But three Sundays ago at Atlantic City, N.J. the AAU sanctioned the inclusion of a women's section in the important Atlantic City AAU-Road Runners Club marathon. For the first time in U.S. marathon history, women wore on their bosoms the treasured numbers that are the badge of an official entrant, and their times were duly recorded by race officials. It is expected that next year the race will achieve the status of an official AAU championship for women.

On the other side of the country the women lost one. Two leading feminine outboard motorboat drivers were notified that they would not be allowed to race in the \$60,000 outboard world championship late in November at Lake Havasu City, Nev. Race officials decided it was too dangerous because new hulls and power plants are producing speeds in excess of 100 mph, and women, they decided, do not have the stamina and strength to cope. Maybe not. But, then, the AAU didn't think they could run more than 2½ miles.

LOUIE NEVA

A few weeks ago baseball noted the death at 54 of Lou Novikoff, the "Mad Russian" of the late '30s and early '40s who was probably the most famous of those minor league sensations who turned out to be busts in the majors. Novikoff led the Three-I League in batting in 1938 with .367, the Texas League in 1939 with .368, the Pacific Coast League in 1940 with .363 and the American Association in 1941 with .370. He was looked upon as the next superstar, but in four years of trying with the Chicago Cubs he was

a grievous disappointment, and eventually he slid back into oblivion.

Now Jack Tobin of Los Angeles reminds us of another aspect of Novikoff's career. "Despite his complete failure even to approach the Hall of Fame level in baseball that everyone had predicted for him," Tobin writes, "in one sport Lou Novikoff was the Hall of Fame. Known as Louie Neva, he was a legend in softball long before he made the move into organized baseball. In my kid days in Long Beach, the playgrounders talked about Louie the way baseball fans talked about Babe Ruth. Ask any oldtime softball nut, especially in Southern California, and he'll tell you Louie Neva was the greatest of all softball pitchers, with the most fantastic rise ball ever thrown. As a teen-ager, I took some cuts against him and never saw the ball, let alone hit it. And you will never convince an old softball fan that Babe Ruth was a better hitter than Louie Neva.

"In baseball he was only a character; in softball he was our most brilliant star."

MONDAY NIGHT (CONT.)

Pro football's Monday nights may be controversial (SI, Nov. 2), but they are proving to be such smash hits in the old TV rating game that ABC is thinking of renewing the show through the winter months—with professional basketball instead of football, if ABC and the NBA can agree on a deal. Nobody seems to worry about a Monday jinx. Says one NBA owner, "We'll play any night if the price is right."

THEY SAID IT

- Ed Flanagan, Detroit Lions center, on Dick Butkus: "It's the biggest treat of the year playing against him. At half-time I just take two aspirins and we go at it again."
- Gordon Hanson, spokesman for the Rodeo Cowboys Association: "The rodeo cowboy represents the last frontier of the pure, unpampered athlete. Ask five cowboys if they would like a guaranteed wage and four will tell you no."
- George M. Day, 85, who graduated from high school in 1903 and is now enrolled as a freshman at Lorain Community College in Elyria, Ohio: "I figure there is always time to learn. I don't expect to get a degree, but if I want to play on the school's athletic teams, I'll have to take more than three credit hours to be eligible."

END

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TWO GODS TOO MANY

Three gridiron immortals are trying to occupy space meant for only one as Ohio State, Texas and Notre Dame battle for the national title. It is a scramble that could be settled in a number of ways by DAN JENKINS

The whole thing should come under the heading of collective madness. When the 1970 college football season has ended and a No. 1 team has been officially (if mythically) elected—for better or worse, depending on your geography—we can be certain of the following: Ara Parseghian will again have turned down the coaching job of a Bethlehem manager, Darrell Royal, being a Texas-style saint, will still be walking on chili—or maybe the Pedernales—and Jack the Ripper will still be in charge of Woody Hayes's charisma.

Meanwhile, admirers of those three gentlemen, meaning the people of Notre Dame, Texas and Ohio State, will continue to be the most generous and understanding group of enthusiasts since the cheerleaders of the Third Reich. We may be sure the followers of the teams that are outvoted in the end will insist it was a pure case of the AP, the UPI and the Football Writers Association of America being infiltrated by members of the Gay Liberation Front or the Soviet Presidium.

So it goes in any season that manages to have two or more illustrious giants in contention for this thing called No. 1 (see cover), which of course is the national championship. One of the fascinating

and at the same time irritating things about college football is that it remains the only sport mankind has ever devised where a political election, rather than a contest on the field, is required to determine the national winner.

Through the years there have been some wonderfully outrageous arguments about who's No. 1, which is only slightly less important to a university than receiving a \$9 billion endowment. But before our very eyes this season there is developing perhaps the grandest, most vicious argument of all time.

What the 1970 season has going, in case you haven't heard, is a three-way, life-or-death, down-to-the-last-vote struggle between those three immortal coaches—Woody, Darrell and Ara—and their Teams of the Universe. It is the Rex Kern-Jack Tatum-Once-Team-of-the-Decade-Run-Up-the-Points-If-They-Can Buckeyes vs. the Steve Worster-Wishbone Triple-Longest-Win-Streak-Defending-National-Champion Longhorns vs. the Thesman-Rhymes-with-Hesseman-Total-Offense-Don't-Forget-We're-Notre Dame Fighting Irish.

There is indeed madness in Columbus, Austin and South Bend. Listen to the fans:

Says a Buckeye: "Our defense is better than ever and our backs are more explosive. Kill Michigan."

Says a Longhorn: "We're so much better than last year I've got a lump in my throat. Woo, Woo, Woo."

Says a Fighting Irish: "It's the best team Ara's had. I know we can beat Ohio State and Texas. It's Nebraska in the Orange Bowl that worries me."

When last heard from, the weekly wire-service polls (46 AP writers and broadcasters in one, 35 UPI coaches in the other) were agreeing again. They each had Texas No. 1. For the first five weeks they also agreed: Ohio State was No. 1 even though Texas, the defender, hadn't lost. Then for one curious week, they split. The AP had Texas and the UPI had Ohio State. Notre Dame? Well, the Irish have slowly climbed up to second, as of Monday, in plain view of a growling Woody Hayes, while the fans of all three are yowling, and the coaches try to get their boys up for some of the dead bodies left on their schedules.

Not that Ohio State, Texas and Notre Dame don't have some football to play before they can finish undefeated and untied and go off to bowl games to meet somebody other than each other. All three must conclude the season with their toughest—and most emotional—game of the year.

On Nov. 21 Ohio State gets Michigan, the team that rudely stung the Buckeyes 24-12 last year. Michigan is just as undefeated and untied as the Big Three, but it seems to have an inferior campaign manager. The Wolverines are No. 5 (AP) and No. 6 (UPI), and restless. Then on Nov. 28 Notre Dame goes to USC

continued

Ohio State's Hayes was emphatic. Texas' Royal inspirational and Notre Dame's Parseghian palsy as the Big Three rolled on.

to meet the team that it tied 14-14 in 1969 (and 21-21 in 1968, for that matter). Finally, on Dec. 5 Texas receives Arkansas in a retake of that game President Nixon liked so well, a game Texas somehow won 15-14.

As it happens, these games involve old, bloody rivals, and one has to say that there is almost as good a chance that Ohio State, Texas and Notre Dame will lose as win. If they all lose, then No. 1 really won't be settled until after the bowls, as it might not, anyhow. But if they are all three the superteams their fans believe them to be, they'll find a way to win, somehow or other, as No. 1 Texas did a year ago. And what we will then have at the end of the season will be Texas and Notre Dame at 10-0 and Ohio State at 9-0 and all three, no doubt, dominating the national statistics as they have been right along (opposite).

Then the bowls—and the opportunity for more outrage. The postseason situation is this: if Ohio State beats Michigan, it must go to the Rose Bowl—and probably meet Stanford. Texas must be the Cotton Bowl host if it defeats Arkansas. Notre Dame can go anywhere but the Rose. Thus, there is the possibility that two of the Big Three could meet, this being a Cotton Bowl rematch between Texas and Notre Dame. Both teams were younger in that one but are still much the same as when Texas won, on another minor miracle, 21-17.

Unfortunately, the bowl pairings are made before everybody finishes the regular schedule and thus sort of thing can foul up a chance to determine a clear No. 1. For example, suppose Notre Dame accepts a Cotton Bowl invitation but then loses to USC. That's good in the context of a second chance for Notre Dame, but bad for Texas and the Cotton Bowl, which would then prefer, say, a once-beaten Nebraska team (if there is such a thing) to a once-beaten Notre Dame team. Or turn it around. Suppose Notre Dame takes a Cotton Bowl bid and then Texas loses to Arkansas. That's good in the same way for Texas but bad for Notre Dame, which would then prefer Nebraska in the Orange Bowl to once-beaten Arkansas in a bowl the Irish visited a year ago. And all the while Ohio State—or Michigan—doesn't have the choice of playing either Texas or Notre Dame.

Maybe for the time being we should set all of this confusion aside—a con-

fusion, one might add, that isn't helped by the NCAA's refusal to consider a national playoff. It is far more interesting at the moment to dwell on something else: the very real prospect of Texas, Ohio State and Notre Dame winding up unblotched, even after the bowls. And in that event, who in the name of Bobby Layne, the Gipper and Chic Harley is No. 1? Or should be. Or deserves to be. Who?

The answer of course is about as easy to arrive at as a solution to the Middle East crisis.

Nevertheless, let's look at the teams separately and see what they add up to at the present. Maybe we'll only bog down deeper. We shall see.

To begin with, Ohio State. Woody's boys. What's left of the great kindergarten gang of 1968, those sophomore conquerors of Leroy Keyes and O. J. Simpson, National champions as rookies. And for eight games in 1969, the so-called Team of the Decade, Or Century. Well, there they are—seven of them still rampaging on offense and six on defense.

And through last Saturday, when they rallied themselves against Northwestern 24-10, their record showed 24 victories against only one loss in three seasons. Their scores are almost as big as ever and their yardage continues to stretch down the Burma Road, but they *did* lose to Michigan a year ago in a game that only meant the world. Why? Overconfident? Maybe. Peaked too soon? Maybe. Got behind and choked? Maybe. Poorly prepared? Maybe. Michigan had superior athletes? Not likely.

But how much the same is the 1970 Buckeye team? Is Rex Kern as good as ever? How about the rugged cornerback, Jack Tatum? Is the old aggressiveness there? Are they still the eager headhunters? Don't they miss Jim Otis? Aren't they again being lulled into overconfidence by a lollipop schedule?

It is true that for all of its talents, Ohio State has problems. Woody's team has played some poor halves, rather mysteriously, against some nobodies. The Bucks led Duke by only 6-3 at halftime, and they trailed both Illinois and Northwestern, which was sort of like trailing the Salvation Army. And they didn't score in the last half against Minnesota.

Moreover, they don't seem to have their old fire individually. Kern isn't as bouncy or throwing nearly so well as he once did, and Tatum isn't looking to

punish people quite so gleefully. But this could be maturity, and probably is. Defensive Coach Lou McCullough swears Tatum is better. "We played him out of position too much last year," says Lou. "Let him free-lance too much. He's doing a great job, be sure of that. And Jim Stillwagon, our middle guard, is about the best I've ever seen."

Could be that Woody is bringing the Bucks along more slowly, building toward Michigan. Avoiding the peak-too-soon, which is what happened a year ago. The Bucks ravaged Purdue in what they thought was the big one, then turned flat against the Wolverines.

If the offensive line keeps doing the job (there's an ex-end and an ex-linebacker at the guards), and if John Brockington and Leo Hayden keep finding the holes, the Bucks will stay steady on the ground. But they *do* miss Otis on the tough, short-yardage situations, and Kern the passer has yet to look as reliable as he was.

In sum, the Buckeyes maybe aren't as good as they used to be, but they are still one of the better squads of the last few seasons.

Down in Texas, a man can get shot on Main Street if he suggests that the Longhorns aren't what they were a year ago when they had James Street at quarterback instead of Eddie Phillips and Cotton Speyer without a broken arm. They by golly are, Longhorns insist. Even Royce. "We definitely do some things better than a year ago," he says. "Phillips gives us a bigger, faster, better athlete at quarterback than James. And Eddie can throw better than people think. [Five for five last week.] Worcester is Worcester, which is the best football player in the country, and our offensive line is blowing people out the way it should."

There's nothing glamorous about the way the Horns do things off the Wish-burn Triple. They simply block and run, with Phillips keeping (averaging 5.0 yards a carry), or handing to the strong, quick Worcester (averaging 5.8), or pitching to the fast, shifty Jim Bertelsen (averaging 6.1). Ball control is the name of their game, and the Longhorns are averaging more rushing yards per game than any college team in history—including the record-holding 1956 Oklahoma Sooners.

It is a ball club with 32 seniors, a team which, keeping it simple and executing superbly, has now won 26

STACKING THEM UP IN THE STATS

As always in football, cold figures stir warm debate. Notre Dame fans, for example, can claim superiority as the nation's total-offense leader and the Big Three's greatest per-game point scorer (in

each category national rankings are in parentheses) Texas can brag about being No. 1 against and playing more winning foes. Buckeye boosters can gloat over fine scoring and rushing numbers.

	SCORING	RUSHING	PASSING	TOTAL OFFENSE	DEFEATED OPPONENTS' RECORDS
TEXAS	39.8 (3)	391.7 (1)	82.3 (109)	474.0 (4)	24-20
OHIO STATE	36.5 (5)	363.0 (2)	82.0 (111)	445.0 (8)	18-25-1
NOTRE DAME	40.5 (2)	328.5 (4)	216.0 (17)	544.5 (1)	15-30

straight. That happens to be the fourth-longest streak of the last 50 years, as any Longhorn knows.

Twenty of those games were won by Street, however, and Phillips, regardless of Royall's confidence in him, can't be judged in Street's winning class until he has beaten Arkansas, plus a bowl opponent, at least. And now he must manage it without Cotton Speyer, who made so many big plays.

In terms of the rushing game—the roaring backs and powerful line—Texas is probably better than ever. The burying of SMU 42-15 last week—as Steve Worster scored four times—was only the latest evidence. And there can be no question that the Wishbone Triple is the best ground-eater since the old Split T. Even Ohio State and Notre Dame are using it some. Plus, it may well be that Texas and Eddie Phillips will not be put to the tests that Texas was with Street, the urgency of having to pull it out against Arkansas and Notre Dame. Phillips did throw the pass that overtook tough UCLA in the last 12 seconds. Thus, his moment of pressure may have come and gone—and it's all ice cream from here on. Until Arkansas, though, Texas can't claim No. 1 any more than Ohio State can until after Michigan.

Why Notre Dame is better than the 8-2-1 team of a year ago can be stated in two words: Joe Theismann. Joe Theismann is better. He's a coach-on-the-field, a rifle arm, a threatening runner. He's a more spectacular quarterback than either Eddie Phillips or Rex Kern and, as a collegian, he might just be more effective than Jim Plunkett or Archie Manning.

Theismann, together with his brilliant receiver Tom Gatewood—merely the nation's leader—give Notre Dame a con-

stant weapon, the forward pass, that Ohio State and Texas frequently leave in the trunk. The result: a more balanced attack than the others have. Proof: Notre Dame leads the country in total offense, having fattened the statistics on poor Navy 56-7 over the weekend.

Parseghian has, overall, a younger team than either Texas or the Buckeyes, but whether this is good or bad can't yet be determined. Offensively, it appears to be Ara's best team. Defensively, one may never know. It caught Missouri without Joe Moore, and it catches LSU in South Bend. It doesn't ever get a look at a menacing passer. USC will be the big test, and the Trojans have already lost three and tied one.

As Ara says, it's the "skilled positions"—Theismann and Gatewood—that have made Notre Dame what it is this year. Both the offensive and defensive middles had to be replaced, the runners still aren't the breakaway types and the coach still knows the Irish are thin. Skilled positions get points, however, and that's why Notre Dame is back at the same old stand, contending strongly for No. 1.

Looking at all three teams, a couple of things seem logical. Ohio State and Texas, always sound against the run, would find it easier defending each other than they would Notre Dame, which has the more varied attack. The Irish defense, however, might wear down against the constant crunching of Texas and the Bucks. One cannot forget that the Irish defense a year ago in the Cotton Bowl—which had Mike McCoy and Bob Olson, both gone—finally surrendered a 10-point lead to Texas, and Notre Dame lost. With a better Theismann and a better Gatewood, Notre Dame obviously

might score more than 17 against Texas, or Ohio State. Enough to win? That, again, might depend on Eddie Phillips or Rex Kern, on their ability to hit the key pass under stress. Or it might depend on how much of the time the big ground machines, with the Steve Worsters and John Brockingtons, could keep the ball from Theismann and what the Irish laughingly call his "chicken arm."

Too often in the past, myths have dictated the final selection of No. 1. There is, of course, the myth that any time Notre Dame is undefeated it must be No. 1, regardless of the strength of its schedule. It is historical fact that there has never been an Irish team, unbeaten and untied, that was not No. 1. There is also the myth that any Big Ten team which goes unscathed must be No. 1, regardless of how weak the league might currently be—and the Big Ten at present is more like a Big Two with a Little Eight tagging along. Also, there is the myth that any Southwest Conference team which gets through that "crazy, razzle-dazzle" league without a loss or tie must be No. 1. That, too, is folly, for the Southwest is really a South Two, Texas and Arkansas, these days.

Nevertheless, it looks more and more like the year when a couple of somebodies have to lose out in the elections. If it doesn't happen on the field, of course: *Everybody* can't be No. 1, even if they all deserve it.

In that regard, Ara Parseghian has the best idea of all. "That 11th game they've approved could be used to better advantage," says Ara. "Why don't we save it until the end of the season, and then if two teams think they can beat each other, let's play."

Here, here, Ara. And now, now. **END**

PANIC WAS QUELLED IN BOSTON

The Bruins finally lost a game, and there was a stern searching of souls. But all was serene once the Hubmen cooled the Rangers by MARK MULVOY

I was so tense a man could swallow a puck if he weren't careful. The champion Boston Bruins had just lost to the Detroit Red Wings—only their first defeat in 17 games—and now the hated first-place New York Rangers were in town looking for revenge. Bobby Orr was not vowing like Bobby Orr, Teddy Green was not playing defense as he had before his brain injury and the Bruins were not stacking up bodies. From Oorchester to Revere Beach, Hubmen were talking trade, and one of the most persistent rumors had Oerik Sanderson going to Toronto.

"Sorry about that," Sanderson said last week. "I can't be traded unless I agree to it, and I'm not going to Toronto. Can't you just see me in New York, though, me and Joe Namath?"

Well, yes, Oerik, but only visiting. It is hard to imagine any Bruin playing with any Ranger after their vicious Stanley Cup series last spring. As the two teams lined up against each other Saturday night for the first time this season, the feuds seemed deep and abiding; for instance Sanderson's own matchup with Eddie Giacomin, the goaltender who finally joined the masked set. "I hope Sandy remembers what Giacomin did to him in the playoffs," Tom Johnson, Boston coach, said before the game. "I never forget," Sanderson said.

Then there is the way at least half a dozen Bruins feel about Dave Balon, the excellent left wing who scored 33 goals last year playing on the line with Walt Tkaczuk and Bill Fairbairn. "He's the guy who gets you up to beat his team," said Boston's Johnny McKenzie. "You dislike him and make believe all the Rangers look like him."

But there are some genuine rivalries, too. Orr and New York's Brad Park are easily the best defensemen in hockey. Last year New York was in first

place on Feb. 19 when Park broke a bone in his ankle. When he returned to the lineup 17 games later, the Rangers were fifth. Unlike Orr, an offensive defenseman, defensive defenseman Park is seldom publicized, but he accepts his second-class status grudgingly. "In seven games," he said, "I've been on the ice for only one opposition goal—and that one on a power play. That's what is important to me."

Phil Esposito and Fred Stanfield against the Rangers' Tkaczuk and Jean Ratelle is not a very bad pairing, either. Esposito, Johnson claims, "has to be one of the greatest centers in the history of the game." If Esposito had Sanderson's mouth, he probably would be a household word or, at least, a name that gets dropped occasionally.

"Talking isn't my bag," Esposito says. "Let's face it. On our club Orr has the magnetism, Sanderson has the bad-boy image and McKenzie the rough-tough style. I'm just Esposito, never been a crowd pleaser. Hey, I've watched myself on videotape, and I wouldn't cheer for me either. But that's me."

The very way the two teams approach the game is different. Ned Harkness, whose Detroit Red Wings lost to the Rangers a week ago Wednesday but then beat the Bruins on Thursday, said, "Our game with the Rangers was like being in Sunday school. No great contact, just sharp passing and a lot of skating. Against Boston, huh. They try to run you out of the rink. The New York style is better over the full season. It's easier to make those short passes and play close checking than it is to hit people." The Bruins, who score more goals per period than the Rangers allow in a game, concentrate on scoring goals; the Rangers work at preventing them.

Saturday both played their game. Working smoothly despite some solid

Boston body checking, the Rangers outmaneuvered the Bruins for most of the first period, and only spectacular saves by Boston goaltender Eddie Johnston prevented New York from taking a two- or three-goal lead.

Then it happened. With seven seconds left in the period, Balon slashed Boston's Ken Hodge. A ruckus ensued, and apparently that was all the arousing the Bruins needed. They roared out for the second period and scored three goals, taking 24 shots at Giacomin. Orr, who had been favoring a charley horse and a sore wrist, set up Johnny Bucyk for the first goal after a typical Orr rush through the Rangers' defense. He then combined with Esposito to set up McKenzie for an easy power-play goal, and late in the period Green scored from a jam-up in front.

Orr scored early in the third period for a 4-0 lead, then McKenzie broke in alone on Giacomin, leaving Balon behind, for a 5-0 lead. Finally, with the Bruins shorthanded, Orr passed to Sanderson who, in turn, slipped a goalmouth pass to Eddie Westfall for the final goal in a 6-0 rout—the Rangers' worst defeat in more than two years. Orr had four points for the night, and Esposito had three.

It was easily the best effort of the season by the Bruins, and the most satisfied Bruin was Green. He wears what looks like a Tibetan monk's cap on his head, a stark reminder that he plays with a plastic shell inserted into his head to cover the hole where his skull was shattered. He started shakily at training camp, but when the season began, he was in the lineup. Although he does not initiate much hard body contact anymore, Green does not back away from it, either. His goal against the Rangers was his second of the year. He scored his first one six days earlier against the Philadelphia Flyers, and the Boston Garden audience gave him a five-minute standing ovation. He received a minute-long ovation for Saturday's score and then skated off the ice. Halfway to the bench he took off his helmet and tipped it to the crowd. Teddy Green was back—and there was no more panic in Boston.

END

Bridging Bruins McKenzie (above) and Westfall beat Rangers Nelson and Giacomin.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES BRAL





SOME GREAT DANE FROM TULANE

John Dane III, that is, a fiery competitor who successfully defended the Douglas Cup collegiate match-racing championship in California by giving up just as many defeats as he had last year—none by HUGH D. WHALL

In match racing the winner usually turns out to be the man or beast that socks it to his opponent first and most forcefully. Nashua once did it to Swaps. Bill Ficker on *Jurepud* did it to *Grret*'s Jim Hardy in the America's Cup. Last week off the California coast Louisianian John Dane III socked it to seven other collegiate skippers and thereby claimed the right to be called just about the best young match-racing sailor in the United States.

What Tulane University's Dane did on one brief weekend was go undefeated against the saltiest sailors of Southern Cal, Cal State at Long Beach, Washington, Ohio State, Brown, Stevens Institute and the University of Hawaii. One might argue that any kid can be lucky on a given weekend, but not in Dane's case. He had gone seven for seven the year before to win the same competition—for a trophy called the Douglas Cup—for the first time. The races were sailed off Long Beach in eight identical Columbia 26 yachts and, coming after the starchy America's Cup proceedings at Newport, it is refreshing to say that they were held with a minimum of dignity and decorum. There was tight, tough sailing, yes. Fiery tactics, yes. Stuff upper lip, no.

This informality began with the things the college sailors—a skipper and three crewmen to each yacht—put on their transoms, which is to say the back of the boats. Long Beach sketched in a pumpkin for Halloween. Southern Cal dubbed its craft *Unsafe*, perhaps on the theory that it was, at any speed. John Dane III meticulously taped the mysterious appellation *H. Monroe's* to his transom.

The racing course was different, too. Rather than 24.3 America's Cup miles over six legs, Long Beach offered 2.5 miles on five legs: windward, leeward, windward, leeward, finish. The boats

were provided fresh off the molds by the Columbia Yacht Corp. These were then drawn for by lot. The sponsoring Long Beach Yacht Club intended the racing to be a test of men, not machines, and so tried to ensure that hulls and sails would be as nearly alike as human beings could make them. No custom fittings were permitted, nor were bottoms scrubbed after the racing began. However, crews were allowed to make minor adjustments to the rigging. And in contrast with the sedate, if deadly, pre-race waltzes performed during most America's Cup matches, here one heard quite a lot of yelling, not to mention a few jolly ramblings and other close scrapes.

Through it all, Dane was cocky and loose. And why not? He had been around. As runner-up in the 1970 World Soling class championships he had defeated a truly great Dane—perhaps the best sailor in the world today—Paul Elvstrom. And for two years the Tulane Dane had been a collegiate All-America. He had taken the North American junior sailing championship at Annapolis in 1967. In 1969 he was the North American Soling champion. He had raced aboard the converted 12-meter sloop *Americus Eagle* with Ted Turner, a man he resembles in voice and sailing passion. Last summer in his spare time Dane jammed his lanky frame into a Windmill dinghy and won the world championship in that class. As much as anything, he did it for a friend who wanted to sell his Windmill, reasoning that a world-champion boat would have some value.

Last week Dane had one small regret. He was without the services of a former crewman, Bobby Nugon, whom he fondly calls the Animal. On sailing boats, animals are people who crank winches. Bobby was a special one, because last year he trimmed Dane's jib sheets nice and taut in one race, even though both winch handles had been lost overboard. In place of the graduated Nugon, or Igor the Bear, as he has also been called, was By Baldridge. In Baldridge's paws

a winch whars just about as effectively as for Nugon, and he has the animal act down pat offshore. At Long Beach a typical breakfast consisted of pancakes and barbecue sauce, with a soupçon of Tabasco. That came after a mug of beer.

The Douglas Cup opened on Friday in an equally indigestible fog, which caused half of the 16 scheduled matches to be postponed. The fog did not, however, stop one between Dane and Stevens Institute's Jonathan Ford. In the prestart maneuvering, Ford slipped, fell, let go of his tiller and rammed Dane. Exit Mr. Ford from serious contention.

The round-robin series of races resumed next day. First off, Dane met Long Beach, skippered by Ed Kimball. Long Beach has a lady coach, Mary Lynn Hyde, who comes from New Orleans and grew up on John Dane's home water, Lake Pontchartrain. Needless to say, Miss Hyde wanted to win.

Dane started with his customary aggressiveness, crossing ahead of the Long Beach sloop by 12 seconds. Up the first leg the boats beat, with Miss Hyde's boys nibbling away at Dane's lead. As John sailed into a flat spot Kimball rounded the weather mark 35 seconds ahead. On the following run Long Beach held a slender lead. "Choke, John, choke!" called Mary Lynn amahly from a spectator boat in a voice that might have been heard in Louisiana.

Sadly for Miss Hyde, it was not John who choked but her own Long Beach sailors. They blew the lead as the sheet beat began, by getting the jib sheets every way but right. Dane pounced; Dane won.

In his next to last victory Dane outraced Southern Cal's Andy Macdonald, who had spent most of last summer running the foredeck on Charlie Morgan's 12-meter *Heritage*. Dane's margin was only 14 seconds, and there was a protest. The protest was denied.

No one thought to protest the name Dane had given his boat, *H. Monroe's*. What cannot be denied, though, is that it was the name of a famous old New Orleans brothel.

END

All Long Beach, Southern Cal's "Unsafe" drifts. Winner Dane makes a backstay adjustment and (drive but true) sails off into the sunset

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWARTZ

THE ROSENBLUM-ROBBIE BOWL

Baltimore trounced Miami 35-0 last Sunday but the main bout took place off the field where the two owners, the Colts' Carroll Rosenbloom and the Dolphins' Joe Robbie, continued to wage their unholy war by JACK OLSEN

For a time it seemed like a press agent's opium dream. All week long the upcoming Baltimore Colts-Miami Dolphins game was the cynosure of speculation, conjecture, theory and fantasy—and bold, bright headlines. The casual visitor to the grimy workman's town called Baltimore might have been excused for wondering whether Miami was going to play its star, Joe Robbie, 54 years old, 5'10", 185 pounds, out of the University of South Dakota, and if so, whether Baltimore would counter with swivel-tipped Carroll Rosenbloom, 61, 5'11½", 170, out of the University of Pennsylvania. Students of international relations and comparative theology fairly salivated at the prospect. Dolphin boss Robbie, a Horatio Alger type, of Arabic ancestry, versus Colt owner Rosenbloom, a onetime industrialist (manufacturer of Army fatigues in World War II), of Jewish ancestry. Could Robbie throw from the pocket? Could Rosenbloom scramble? Both could, both did. By week's end, the two front officers were still playing their own personal game with joyful abandon, while thousands cheered and a few yawned. Almost as an afterthought, like a Peewee hockey game after the big-leaguers have gone to the dressing room, Rosenbloom's Colts met Robbie's Dolphins on the old-fashioned green grass of Baltimore's Memorial Stadium, the Colts winning 35-0.

The war between the two owners broke out last winter. With Rosenbloom 10,000 miles away in the Orient, the slick Robbie tempted Baltimore Coach Doc Shula with offers of wine, frankincense, peeled grapes and about \$750,000, and before Rosenbloom could dial Commissioner Pete Rozelle's private telephone number the deal was consummated.

"Tampering!" Rosenbloom cried, and Rozelle responded by awarding Baltimore the Dolphins' No. 1 draft choice for 1971. Rosenbloom, a package of vindictiveness, generosity, sensitivity, bluntness and vagueness, remained vaguely dis-



Rosenbloom refuses to talk to Robbie, but has a lot to say about him, none of it laudatory.

consented. When Robbie telephoned him and opened up with, "Carroll? This is Joe Robbie," Rosenbloom snapped, "I don't want to talk to you about anything," and hung up.

At the NFL owners' meeting in Honolulu last spring Rosenbloom saw Shula hustling toward him with a smile and a ready hand. When Shula was a few feet away, Rosenbloom did an about-face and presented the back of his \$300 suit. Not long afterward the two were accidentally juxtaposed in the men's room of a New York hotel. "Hi, Carroll," said Shula with a broad smile. Rosenbloom turned coolly to a third party, issued a remark about Shula that must be rated GP (parental guidance advised) and stalked out.

"It's like this," Rosenbloom explained during the height of last week's *sour et winter* in Baltimore. "I have not talked to Robbie or Shula since this happened. I will not talk to Robbie or Shula ever again. One stole something from me. The other allowed himself to be stolen." Fueled by a succession of such vulnerabilities, the Robbie-Rosenbloom feud waxed all week. Baltimore newspapers chose sides, with *The News American* coming close to comparing Robbie and Shula to Sts. Peter and Paul, and the *Sun-papers* frantically trying to remind their readers that a crucial football game was going to take place. HOW ROSENBLIOM FLEECED COLT FANS, a *News American* subhead blared, and a column by Bert Bell Jr., himself a former Colt official, accused Rosenbloom of "a long series of front-office faux pas." Bell wrote that the Baltimore executives had poisoned "the finger of suspicion at everyone but the guilty ones—themselves" and charged Rosenbloom with running "a smear campaign."

"The facts speak for themselves," Rosenbloom said. "I don't have to run a smear campaign. If Miami doesn't tamper with Shula, why'd we wind up with their No. 1 draft choice? They got off easy. I would like to discuss it further, but Commissioner Rozelle called me and told me, 'Carroll, I wish you'd bring this to an end.'"

But while he was halfheartedly heeding Rozelle's request, Rosenbloom's actions were speaking bombastically. There was, for example, the case of "the Phantom Dolphin," which involved a highly imaginative young high school football coach who had been running around Ev-



Robbie started the feud when he lured the Colts' head coach, Don Shula, to Miami last winter.

erly, Iowa, bragging that he was a weekend kick return specialist for Shula's new team. When a straight-faced story about the coach popped up in the *Des Moines* papers, the annoyed Dolphin ownership took the hoax with utmost seriousness, and Rosenbloom sallied into the opening that fate had provided him. "I can understand Joe Robbie's position because he hasn't any sense of humor," Rosenbloom announced. "Robbie was probably afraid the high school coach was getting into Dolphin games without paying." He followed this reference to Robbie's well-known sacking-watching with peacocks to the young Iowa impostor, lauding him for bringing color to pro football and for proving once again that we are all dreamers, of which fact no one who lived in Baltimore last week needed reminding.

When Rosenbloom learned that a Florida sportswriter had been denied permission to travel on the Dolphins' plane after twitting Robbie publicly, he offered to fly the reporter to the Miami-Baltimore game at the Colts' expense. Robbie had already slipped the word to various members of his entourage that any representatives of the hated Baltimore Colts' organization were not *persona grata*. "A Miami sportscaster was

talking to me," said Baltimore Assistant Coach John Idzik, "and all of a sudden he jumps and he says, 'Here comes Robbie, I can't be seen talking to you,' and he's gone."

Toward week's end came the unkindest cut from Robbie's side. Prodded by Rosenbloom's enemies in Baltimore and encouraged by Dolphin operatives, a Colt fan club blandly announced that it wanted to make an award to Shula before the opening kickoff Sunday. "How stupid can people get?" asked a Colt official. "Can you imagine the scene on the field? If Shula goes out to accept the award and gets a five-minute standing ovation, we're embarrassed, and if he goes out there and gets booed for five minutes, he's embarrassed. So who can possibly benefit? We told the fan club to stuff it." Colt Assistant Trainer Dick Spassoff, a Bulgarian by trade, suggested, "Eef they want geev geev to Shula, let 'em geev eet een locker room." As it happened, on Saturday a handsome color portrait of the prodigal coach was quietly conveyed to Shula in an empty ballroom of his downtown Baltimore hotel. Sixteen Colt fans were in attendance, crying, "Welcome home," and, "Good luck to you, but not on Sunday." And the new Miami coach and

continued

vice-president thanked them graciously and told them he would never have accepted the Dolphins' money if he had known the move would cause so much trouble. (Laughter.)

Shula, a former NFL defensive back who looks more like a battered house dick than a pearl of priceless worth, is not in the least reluctant to pop off at friend or foe, but he has chosen not to join in the tag-team match between the front offices. Indeed, Shula has implored Robbie not to answer Rosenbloom. When Shula left Baltimore, having shucked a self-perpetuating five-year contract in favor of "a tremendous opportunity for me to continue to coach and become active in ownership," he bowed orientally to all points of the compass, thanking the Baltimore fans for "the great moments and the disappointing ones that life presented to us here" and thanking Rosenbloom for releasing him from his commitment and "giving us the opportunity." Then he called his new colleagues together in Miami and sketched the same kind of tough blueprint that had brought both championships and marital strife to the Colts.

The previous Miami coach, George Wilson, had been more like a pal to his players, "their favorite drinking buddy," as one Miami official put it. "Nobody mistakes Shula for a drinking buddy. He's a tight disciplinarian—he's a super-achiever. He's going to super-achieve some of us right into the coronary ward." To begin his building program, Shula sat down with the game films and rated every Miami player on every play of the dismal 1969 season. When he had finished, he informed some of the Dol-

phin veterans that their services would no longer be required. He reminded Joe Robbie of the bread-upon-the-waters parable, and Robbie started spending money and improving the team. More coaches were brought in. The Dolphins joined a scouting syndicate and stars like Center Bob DeMarco and Tight End Marv Fleming were used to augment the great pass catcher, Paul Warfield, already obtained by Robbie in the off season (at Shula's insistence, according to certain cynics).

"The Dolphins bought themselves into contention in the Eastern Division," Oakland's Al Davis lamented, not without justification, although more than hard cash was involved in the transmigration of the Dolphins. Don Shula, like him or dislike him, gives his employers full measure, and he expects the same of his fellow workers. When new Coaches Bill Arnsparger and Howard Schnellenberger arrived in Miami to begin house-hunting, Shula clothed them and within 30 minutes had them staring at game films. "They're the only guys I ever knew," said the Miami official, "that had to look for houses from midnight to 3 a.m." The numerous restaurants near the Miami front offices are all but unknown to the coaching staff. "It's always the same," one of them complained half-jokingly. "Don'll say, 'Let's send out for sandwiches and keep on working.' So we'll send out for sandwiches and keep on working."

When the players' strike ended, Shula rubbed his hands gleefully and began three- and four-a-day workouts. The activities began at 7:30 a.m. with "the 12-minute run." All hands had to run as

far as they could in 12 minutes, while Shula stood by with his complex rating charts. More heads fell. Then he initiated "Gassers"—wind sprints back and forth across the field after practice "Everybody runs," Shula barked. Garo Yepremian, a placekicker, was amusing himself by watching his teammates huffing and puffing when Shula snapped at him. "Why aren't you running?" and instructed the Cypriot to get a certain part of his anatomy in motion. "You'll notice you don't see Dorothy Shula out here at the workouts," said a Miami sportswriter. "That's because she knows he'd make her run the Gassers." Shula, in fact, sometimes runs them himself.

The new coach's dedication to winning had helped bring the Miami Dolphins to a 4-2 record by last week, second to Baltimore in the beefed-up AFL East, but such fendish devotion is no guarantee of popularity, nor is it a team pleaser to chew players out in front of other players, a Shula habit. "Everything's cool right now and I think it'll stay cool," says Paul Warfield, who has been nearly as important as Shula in retreading the Miami club. "It might be different if we started to lose."

Warfield's diagnosis rings familiarly back in the Baltimore dressing rooms, where there is a unanimity of opinion that Shula was a sunshine soldier who crumbled and panicked after the 1969 Super Bowl loss to New York. "Winning has a way of curing its own ilk," said the old philosopher and necromancer, Jimmy Orr. "What's bad doesn't seem quite so bad when you're winning."

"Last year when we started losing," said Defensive End Bubba Smith, "Shula went crazy. He had this thing about Vince Lombardi. He wanted to be better than Lombardi. So he did a lot of screaming."

"It started in the Super Bowl," said Tight End John Mackey. "We panicked and so did Shula. We couldn't do anything right. It carried over into the next season. He became more and more of a dictator. He started sending in most of the plays to John Untas. *To John Untas?*"

Said Untas: "Don made a lot of enemies among the players. He was a good coach, always a good coach. But the way he handled some players left a lot of bad taste around here. I never let him bother me. I told him if he didn't like my job, put the other fellow in. But I guess a player

continued

Baltimore rookie Man Gordon takes off on an 85-yard punt return that put Colts ahead 6-0



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who's uptight all the time, probably he couldn't get his job done."

"Maybe everybody hated Shula and maybe that's what he wanted," said Linebacker Mike Curtis. "Maybe he felt it would translate into making a close team, pulling us together because we hated him. It was a bad situation."

Defensive End Roy Hilton was asked, "What can you tell us about Shula?"

"Who's Shula?" Hilton said. "I didn't play for him. I was just on the team. I never came into direct contact with Shula, but he'd find a way to chew you out one way or the other. No matter what you did, it wasn't enough."

If football's strange sense of opposites dictates that the easy-riding Miami team needed an ambitious martinet like Don Shula, it also dictates that the sore-oppressed Baltimore players needed a Spockian coach like Don McCafferty, who stepped into Shula's shoes after 11 years in the shadows. The lowering, soft-spoken McCafferty does not knock Shula, and vice versa: the two are mutual admirers. But they are as different as Joe Robbie's stiletto and Carroll Rosenbloom's air-to-air rockets.

"I never did like to scream," McCafferty said. "I never liked to be yelled at when I was a player. If you treat players like men, they'll perform like men. If they don't, then get rid of them. Sometimes you'll lose anyway, but there's no sense dwelling on it. As I said after we lost to Kansas City, 'There's no use looking up a dead horse's butt.' People are human beings, not machines. Far as working long hours is concerned, I have a sign somewhere that says, 'It's not how many hours you put in, but what you put in your hours.'"

When Baltimore lost to Kansas City 44-24 early this season McCafferty said, "We stunk out the joint; it was a real team effort," and closed the book on the subject. He intended to ignore the game film entirely, but compromised with other members of the coaching staff by running it without comment.

"How can you not love a guy like that?" said Bubba Smith, who said last year that he was tired of being "yelled at just for the sake of being yelled at." Said Smith, "I'm down to 264 from 280. It's the lightest I've weighed in years and as a result I'm moving better. That's because a guy like Don McCafferty makes you want to play for him. Why, the first thing he did when he was named

coach, he called the ballplayers in one by one and talked to them. Me he asked, 'Bubba, why is it in training camp all the black ballplayers sit at one table and the whites at another?' He's been worried about things like that, working on them, and as a result we're getting our thing together, blacks and whites, all of us. Why, Billy Ray Smith, he's my roommate and he's from Arkansas and Billy Ray's about as Southern white as you can get. You know what I mean? But, man, when I say something to Billy Ray now he says, 'Right on, baby,' he says, 'Right on, brother.' I don't say Billy Ray's seen the whole truth yet, but he's trying, he's trying."

Football teams respond to a number of stimuli, and strychnine to one is ambrosia to another. By the time the insulted and overworked Dolphins had made regular-season contact with the relaxed and free-wheeling Colts on Sunday, the game had become a battle for first place in the AFC East, and while the front offices were trying to sink harpoons into each other the players were trying hard to concentrate on the important task at hand. "It'll be like playing against ourselves," said Mike Curtis just before the game. "With Shula, Miami's our mirror image." "They use the same plays," said Billy Ray Smith. "Two-thirds of the time they run on first down. Second and short, they're going to run. They throw only when it's obvious."

"I know one thing," team leader John Mackey warned. "They'll come in here ready to knock us off for one simple reason, because he's coaching them. He'll have them higher than the clouds. Hell, I didn't always get along with Shula either, but I also know that when I line up to play Sunday I can't worry about him. If we go in there uptight and thinking we're going to whip on Shula's ass, we're going to miss the whole point. This isn't the front office playing the front office, man."

But for all the skills displayed in the first half, it might as well have been Robbie vs. Rosenbloom. While a plane circled overhead pulling a DON SHULA HELLO AGAIN banner, the Colts and the Dolphins seemed to be playing in one of those poker games where the pot goes to the worst hand. Perhaps it was tension, but both teams performed as though Pat Palenka was playing every position. Bubba Smith was so eager to

get to Quarterback Bob Griese, he was blowing in like an Olympic sprint champion and, given a boost in the wrong direction by double-team blocking, running right past Griese, who stepped up into the pocket, waited for the wind to subside and fired his passes straight into the butterfingers of Marv Fleming and Paul Warfield, who dropped them. A high pass from center snuffed out one Baltimore field-goal attempt, and the Colts flubbed another by taking too long to line up. A Miami player hit Baltimore's Ron Gartin after he called for a fair catch, and somehow Don Shula never changed expression as the official marked off 15 yards.

Ineptness followed ineptness. Griese tried an end-around to Warfield and, harried by a blitz, bumped into one of his own men before making the hand-off. Baltimore Buck Norm Bulaich dropped a short pass, and two plays later was running in the clear when the ball squirted out of his hands for no visible reason, nullifying a splendid John Unitas call and an 18-yard gain. The only offensive punch was provided by Gartin, who took a punt on the dead run and scooted 80 yards for a touch-down. Later the flustered Griese threw his second interception and Unitas cashed in on one of his patented two-minute drills for a 14-0 halftime lead.

With 17 seconds gone in the third quarter, the ball game ended. Baltimore's Jim Duncan took a Garo Yepremian kickoff 99 yards, making the score 21-0 and forcing Miami out of its bread-and-butter running game and into a world it had never known—throwing passes into the Colts' zone, which features a three-man pass rush (if you count Bubba Smith as a single man), four linebackers and four deep backs. The result was predictable. Baltimore, tranquilized by its three-touchdown advantage, settled down to crisp efficiency, and the desperate Dolphins floundered to the 35-0 loss. "Well, we knew it would be a bodybuilder," said Miami Assistant Coach Monte Clark. Said McCafferty, "We're getting better every game."

In three weeks the two teams meet again in the Orange Bowl, where Miami won its exhibition encounter with Baltimore 20-13. It has been suggested that Robbie and Rosenbloom engage in a punt-pass-kick competition between the halves. The point spread has not yet been established.

END

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A Course with Rare Bite

Hilton Head, S.C. is a piece of tidewater real estate snugged up against the Atlantic coast near Savannah, where Yankee cannon harassed Confederate ships throughout the Civil War. Today it is the hottest recreational property east of Las Vegas, and at the core of its popularity is a golf course called Harbour Town, in Sea Pines Plantation, where this month's Heritage Golf Classic will be played. Here alligators and pelicans enliven a layout already rich with such novel touches as railroad ties buttressing the 4th green (right). More of Harbour Town's surprises are revealed in the pictures that follow and in the story on page 35.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN





A cres of white sand (No. 7, above) and languid veils of Spanish moss (beside 11) give Sea Pines' holes their character and challenge. Below, the clubhouse and green at No. 9.





The distinctive basket trap at 17 is designed to catch, but not reward, errant tee shots headed for Calibogue Sound. At the top is the fairway at the 18th.



What a Little 'Instant Character' Can Do



In the lagoons there are alligators on the alert for marsh-mallows. No one knows why they like them, or why anyone ever thought they might. Live oaks and elms are so thick in places that even in brilliant sunlight one finds corridors of astonishing darkness. Out on the edge, a white beach curves for 16 miles, smooth enough to race bikes on, and the Atlantic is warm and clean. This is Hilton Head Island in South Carolina, where the action isn't, in terms of bright lights and late hours, but where it surely is for the golfer.

Hilton Head is not new to vacationers, or even golfers. Since Charles Fraser began to develop his Sea Pines Plantation Company there 14 years ago, it has earned a reputation as one of the Deep South's prettiest, quietest and best retreats. What is new is that with all its other pleasures, Hilton Head has now produced a golf course—one of six on the island—which is one of the most unusual to be built in America in years. Soon the Harbour Town Golf Links of Sea Pines may well become known as one of the 10 best courses, old or young, in the entire country.

This is saying a lot, to be sure, about a course that opened only a year ago—just in time for Arnold Palmer to win the Hentage Classic. But it is not really stretching too much to put Harbour Town in that illustrious category with, say, Menon, Pine Valley or the Augusta National, which have won their fame over a period of years. The reason is that Harbour Town was designed and built with a kind of "instant character."

Harbour Town is the product of architect Pete Dye and a touring pro named Jack Nicklaus. Dye was a highly successful insurance man until, in his early 30s, he

went into the golf-course-design business. In the last 12 years he has built more than 30 courses, most of them bearing his distinctive stamp. What Dye and Nicklaus have rendered at Hilton Head is a sort of Pine Valley in a swamp, a St. Andrews with Spanish moss, a Pebble Beach with chertins. The golfer here must be constantly wary of areas of waste and marsh, on the order of Pine Valley. The Scottish flavor comes from the use of railroad ties and planks to support greens and bunkers. And finally Harbour Town finishes as Pebble Beach does, with shots that must carry the water.

By modern standards, the course isn't long (only 6,655 yards from the blues, to a par of 71), but Palmer had to play some of his best golf to win with 283 a year ago. Also, unlike most modern layouts, Harbour Town's greens are tiny and its fairways pinched. Thus, the premium is on judgment and accuracy. "It's different," says Dye, "but then, so was Garbo."

Many holes are memorable. A couple of par-3s seem to have been parachuted into a swamp. The 13th is an island in the sand, framed by trees, supported by cypress planks. The 16th has the world's longest fairway bunker. The 17th, a par-3 of heroic quality, goes out to sea and features a "basket trap." And the 18th heads toward a lighthouse, demands two carries dangerously near the water, and takes the player, prophetically, past an old graveyard.

Moody, scenic, mossy, watery, creatunsh, inventive, demanding—all of this is Harbour Town Golf Links, a course to strike the old golfer with new fantasies. What better can happen to the game? **DAN JENKINS**

Like the 18th at Pebble Beach, Harbour Town's closing hole offers ample opportunity for disaster.



THE MAD, MAD PUNTER OF LOUISVILLE

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

He is bearded, barefoot Scott Marcus of New York, and he has this insane idea that he can play varsity football and all other sports as well

To appreciate how Coach Lee Corso of Louisville became the proud owner of a long-haired, bearded, barefoot punter and how that punter, hair and all, went on to become a tennis star and a cheerleader and a lot of other things, such as a shotputter and a fraternity man living at the Lambda Chi house, one must first try to appreciate Lee Corso. And to do that, one must put aside some of the conceptions he may be harboring about college coaches. How austere they are. How hidebound. How gray and rabbit-browed from worrying over whether to punt on third down or run off-tackle.

Imagine, instead, Lee Corso: young and curly-haired, standing on the sidelines waving a towel at rival Coach Spook Murphy as Memphis State runs up the score on Louisville's 1969 team, Corso's first as a head coach. The score is 42-12

... 49-12 ... 56-12, etc. and Murphy still has his foot hard on the throttle, running back and forth over the body.

Corso is actually on the field, waving the towel and yelling, "Hey, Coach Murphy! We surrender! Hey!" And Spook Murphy is intently paying him no mind. (Spook is not out for blood, you understand. He just wants to go to a bowl game.) Finally, an official comes over and says to Corso, "Coach, I'm going to have to penalize you 15 yards if you don't get off the field."

"Sir, the score is 63 to 19," says Corso. "How is 15 yards going to hurt us?"

Memphis State, racing the clock, frantically ordering time-outs, scores again to make it 69-19 and Corso, with a flourish, throws the towel onto the field. In the long history of college football no coach has been known to do that. "I surrender!" yells Corso.

But he is not crying. He is not even angry. He's—*laughing*. ("What do I care if they want to make fools of themselves running up the score on my substitutes. What's the difference? You lose 69-19 or 20-19, you still lose.")

Four days later, after stopping off home to change clothes, the Louisville team is on its way to Tulsa for the Thanksgiving Day season finale. On the team bus, ululating over its restraining leash and ponderously ruffling its feathers, is a large white turkey with a bright red L painted on its side. The turkey is another Corso opusculum, such as Italian Night at the training table, when the players get spaghetti and meatballs and garlic bread and all the spumoni they can eat. On a checkered tablecloth. By the light of wine-bottle candles.

Corso's inspiration has rebounded from the fiasco in Memphis.

COACH LEE CORSO, says Marcus, it would not be commensurate. Here he communicates it.

"I'd been thinking before the season, 'What can I promote to tie in with Thanksgiving?' You got to have a gimmick in this got-to-have-a-gimmick world. In a flash it came to me. Thanksgiving Turkey!" The turkey is made a regular at squad meetings and in coaching staff meetings. Corso suggests to Tulsa that it trot out a turkey of its own, painted blue and gold with a T on the side, for a confrontation at mid-field at the coin toss, but Tulsa turns a conservative ear.

Corso, unfazed, announces that the winner of the toss will get the option, receive the football or the turkey. The turkey, putting up a terrible squawk, resists going out for the toss, but it is kept there on the sideline waiting the disposition of its fate. Tulsa wins the toss—and, conservative to the end, elects to take the football.

It turns out to be a poor choice. Tulsa not only loses the turkey, it also loses the game 35-29. It is a big victory for Louisville, insuring its first winning season in three years. The team carries Corso and the turkey off the field on its shoulders.

Lee Corso, as one who did some enthusiastic quarterbacking at 150 pounds for Florida State a decade or so ago, believes that "nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm." He admits to having borrowed that from a non-coach named Ralph W. Emerson. His inspiration otherwise is mostly original and he allows it to breeze around, generating spirit and gathering up publicity like dust particles.

Corso ordered paste-on American flags for the Louisville helmets—"to

symbolize what I have been trying to teach the kids: teamwork, unity, pride, dedication, respect"—and sent a model of the helmet, mounted on a plaque, to President Nixon. Louisville's pregame team warmup is so flashy that Corso actually got a call from a Georgia Tech coach asking if Tech could borrow the routine. "It's the sharpest pregame warmup I've ever seen," the coach said to Corso.

"Gee," said Corso, "don't you want any of my plays?"

In order to pump life into the Louisville program, Corso has accepted speaking engagements for any time at any place. Before audiences realized how entertaining he was—he provides his own sound effects: "whhhaah" (forward pass), "krrraaack!" (tackle), "aaaggggh" (missed tackle)—he once drew a crowd of four to a 7 a.m. break-

fast. "Four hundred?" he was asked. "No, four. One, two, three, four. Gave 'em a hell of a speech, too. The whole lead."

In one game last season Corso introduced to the home crowd a Nigerian placekicker named Francis Ayandele. Francis was not entirely familiar with the procedural aspects of his job, but Corso liked the idea of having a Nigerian placekicker. It had a nice sound to it. In Francis' eagerness, however, he kicked off without waiting for the referee's whistle, and with the opposing team still in its huddle.

"You shoulda seen them scrambling for the ball," chirped Corso. "It was beautiful. Bodies flying. Crash, zing, pow."

Enter Scott David Marcus, glib, handsome, hirsute son of a prosperous Man-



continued

hottan shoe manufacturer and retailer (specializing in boots, buckles and square toes). He is 6' 2" tall, 220 pounds, and he is sitting in a telephone booth, wearing one of the tattered gray-and-blue T-shirts that are the backbone of his wardrobe. Thin and the faded bell-bottom blue jeans with the peace symbol embroidered on the knee. And the love beads around his neck. And the lucky leather bracelet which (according to Marcus) works for tennis but doesn't cut it with much else.

His feet are bare and appear to have logged a lot of time on dusty roads. His beard is—or was then—full, and his coiffure is out to here, a sunburst of curly hair the color of plastic Band-Aids.

"I was walking out of the student union," says Corso. "I'd just made a speech to the freshman class, calling on them to rally behind our program, to dedicate themselves to the university. 'Follow football,' I said. 'Participate. If you can't participate, support! And I'm walking out and I hear, 'Pssst. Hey, coach.'"

"I turn around and I don't see anybody except this hairy guy in the phone booth, looking like maybe he was living in there. He says, 'Hey, pssst, over here.' I am captured by a vision of bare feet and heads and hair and I say to myself, 'No way. No way I'm going over there.' I don't have anything against long hair. I've known some crew-cut bums. But this guy is too much. I motioned him to meet me halfway. Maybe he just doesn't want to embarrass me.

"He says, 'Coach. I want to help the team. I heard what you said and I was impressed. I want to help the team.' Yeah. Right. Terrific. I said, 'What exactly did you have in mind?'"

"He says, 'I'm a punter. I punt barefoot. And I plackock. I can help you.' I looked at his hair. No way to get all that in a helmet. 'What about that?' I said, motioning.

"He says, 'Like I averaged 35 yards a kick in prep school. If I show you I can average 40, can I keep my hair?'"

"Well, hell, I called for help and here's a guy wants to help me. I am willing to try anything. Especially when I've only got a 40-man varsity and a handful of freshmen and am desperate for bodies. I said, 'If you can average 40 yards a kick, you can have hair all over your body for all I care.'

"I told him to meet me at the office at 12:30 the next afternoon. I figured ev-

erybody would be out to lunch then. I didn't expect to see anything exceptional, but I wanted to see him kick barefoot. It would live up to the lunch hour. He comes out and, sure enough, he flubs the first punt. Wobble, wobble, wobble, plunk. Then—*poor, wobblyish*. He kicks one about 90 yards. All the way to the Ruston Puma sign behind the field.

"Well, I want to tell you something. Hair grows on you. I'm beginning to think Scott Marcus wouldn't look as good if he cut his hair short."

Marcus was indeed more than just a pretty head. He averaged 41.6 yards punting for the freshman team. He also kicked extra points. He resisted playing a position. "The coaches look at my size and say, 'Hey, I have a linebacker position for you. Hey, I've got a guard position.' I tell them, 'Save it, man.'" The curls cascaded out of his helmet. Corso asked only that he keep himself neat around the football office and that he wear shoes to the training table.

Before the season was over, however, Marcus paid Corso another visit. He said the school cheerleaders wanted him to come help them out.

"I'm a gymnast, too," he explained. "I forgot to tell you. Anyway, I was working out in the gym, like limbering up, and somebody said, 'Would you come be a cheerleader?' Cheerleaders do a lot of gymnastic stuff. I said O.K. It's for the varsity football games and the basketball games. Is it all right?"

Corso, though taken aback, gave his approval and Marcus punned for the freshmen and cheered the fall and winter away.

Then one day, when he was still feeling unfulfilled, Marcus entered the intramural table-tennis tournament and won the school championship. Then he entered the intramural tennis tournament and won that, too. He came back to see Corso.

"Is it all right if I play on the varsity tennis team?" he asked.

Corso threw up his hands. "Are you sure you wouldn't rather be chairman of the board of trustees?"

After that, Corso said, every time he opened a school paper, there was a picture of Scott Marcus up to something helpful. His hair parted down the middle and tied back with a headband. Marcus played No. 4 singles and No. 2 doubles on the tennis team. He won 14 of his 26 matches. Then he heaved the shot

51 feet in the intramural track meet. The track coach immediately offered him a scholarship.

Marcus went back to Corso's office. "I've been offered a track scholarship," he said.

"Forget it," said Corso. "I'm putting you on full football scholarship. From now on you belong to me. From now on you are my flower child."

In the stereed bedlam of his room at the Lambda Chi house, Marcus sprawled on his single bed one afternoon and mulled over his various athletic metamorphoses. He politely lowered the volume on a rock group called Chicago to explain to his company that the otherwise pedestrian appearance of his room (nothing happy or unusual about it) was due in part to the girl from the art department who hadn't showed up. "She promised to paint some nudes on the ceiling," he said.

Marcus had just come out of the shower. His hair was dripping wet. Sitting on the bed, he shook his head like a spaniel, the movement making a rustling noise as the water described a halo of spray around his hair. "That's the way to do it," he said. "I don't comb it unless I absolutely have to. Looks better that way."

He said his hairstyle—a kind of Jewish Afro—was something he just enjoyed. "It's no big protest thing or like that," he said. "That's summer stuff. I hear people talking about living in communes and how corrupt the capitalistic society is, and I've got to get away, man. That turns me off. I just like to do my thing. Like when I was in prep school at Cheshire Academy. In the summer I'd wear a beard, then I'd have to shave it off for school. I liked the beard better."

He said what had happened was that he got bored. "I got bored with the pace. I didn't really know much about the South when I got here and I thought, 'Man, what a slow pace.' Things were going backward, it was so slow. I had planned to go out for the Louisville soccer team. I had played soccer in high school and prep school. I got down here and went out for the soccer team and discovered there was no soccer team. Like, what am I going to do now?"

At prep school he had punned, also barefoot, and once kicked a 52-yard field goal. For that he used a shoe. He lost some of his enthusiasm for punting at Cheshire when an opposing player (in cleats) ran across his bare foot and took

out a divot that required seven stitches to close. It was left for Lee Corso to re-fire his enthusiasm.

"The fact is," Marcus said, "athletics turn me on. Besides being a grub at heart, you can tell by my clothes I'm a grub—I'm also a jock at heart. My father was the same way. He played everything at Lehigh—football, basketball, tennis. He still plays a lot of tennis. He was ranked sixth in the East in the 35-and-over class.

"He happens to be a pretty cool guy, my father. That's another thing I can't stand. People who always say, 'My father's a clod.' Listen, my brother has hair longer than mine. He wears a hair band *all* the time. My father doesn't let it bug him. Later on I'm going to join my father in the shoe business. Him and my uncle. My uncle designs the shoes. He sold 1,500 pairs to Jordan Marsh in an hour one day.

"What I'd like to do is be a professional kicking specialist in the fall and then sell shoes in the winter and summer. Cool, Coach Corso says I could be a pro kicker if the realization ever dawned on me. I don't know if it's dawned on me or not.

"The thing about athletics, though, is that they involve everything. Body, mind, spirit. You can be . . . you know, competitive. I dig it, that's all. I really dig it. I don't mind sitting around and rapping with the philosophy majors and like that, but I'm not hung up in one world or the other. I mean, I'm not a conformer and I'm not a nonconformer. Who is to say what 'the Establishment' really is?

"Some of the guys want to know why I'm not out with the freaks all the time. The freaks want to know how I can stand all this other stuff. I hear both sides. 'Grass is great?' 'Oh, my, how could you take grass?' Hearing both sides is good."

Marcus says his extravagant image has actually caused him very little grief. "The players don't hassle me. They gave me the up-and-down the first day—those animals lined up looking at me, like 'What have we here? The supreme bumme'—and they call me Harpo and Lion and like that, but they don't hassle me. I mean, I don't go out of my way to embarrass them. When we take a road trip I break out my John Dillinger outfit, the three-button brown suit with 1920 tie-up boots and the wide-brimmed Capone hat and the elephant-leg hell-bottoms. I

continued

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MAD PUNTER continued

make an appearance. They like that one. "Everybody said I'd have to conform at Lambda Chi, that frats make everybody the same. It's not so. They don't hassle me either. I hear at some schools they take you and hold you down and cut your hair off. That's like childish. They had a cheer for me at Southern Illinois when we played up there. 'Cut your hair, 67, cut your hair!' It was a pretty good cheer, actually."

Marcus said he didn't take to Louisville at first.

"My first date, I took this chick out and we're in this place and she says, 'See that guy?' And I said, 'Which one?' The black-haired guy with the big nose?" "Yeah," she says, "He's Jewish."

"I tried to be clannical about it, I said, 'How can you tell?' 'Well, just by looking at him.' I said, 'Gee, I hope this doesn't upset you too much, Alice, but I have a terrible confession to make, I don't look like that and I'm Jewish.' One of the players I told the story to said, 'Gee, I didn't know you were Jewish, either. You don't look...'"

"After awhile I began to notice the good things. You bump into somebody in the street in Louisville and they say 'Excuse me' instead of 'Get the hell off my foot, you dumb bastard.' And I like the coaches. Coach Corso is wild. He goes nuts on the sidelines. He jumps around. He's young. The whole staff is young. They communicate with you. They changed the whole place around. They brought in a pretty young secretary. Very nice."

Marcus had to beg off at that point to go to Rosh Hashanah services. He said he always went to the services, though it was mostly a reflex action from his childhood. He wasn't sure what his conclusions were about God, except that Coach Corso, an Italian Catholic, is a strong believer, "and listening to him every week leading the team in prayer must be getting to me. I find myself praying right along. 'Dear God, let us play well. God, let us not have any injuries. And please, God, let me get in to punt one time today.'"

Scott Marcus, Lee Corso's flower child barefoot punter, made his first start as a varsity player in Louisville in the game with Tulsa. As a substitute, Marcus had punted four times with indifferent success in the opener at Florida State. He punted only once in the next three games.

Corso explained that he was "saving Marcus for the right moment."

On a clear, cool day, before a homecoming crowd, Marcus' moment arrived. He punted four times against Tulsa. His average was a whopping 44 yards.

There was less than a minute to play when he was called on to punt for the last time. Corso stopped him on the sidelines. Marcus said, "O.K., coach, what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to punt to the right, over there, beyond the hash mark."

"Fine."

"Be alert, now. They're gonna try to bust you. They're gonna give you a 40-man rush. The pressure is on, it's up to you. You see where I mean? To the right over there."

"Coach," said Marcus calmly, "they've been watching you talk to me. They see you pointing down there. I think I'd better kick it to the left."

"Now listen, Marcus, just—" Corso changed his mind. "Please, just go in and kick the damn ball."

Marcus punted—to the left—48 yards to the Tulsa 11. The game ended shortly afterward, Louisville a 14-8 winner. Corso said he was not surprised. "Marcus was ready," he said. "I had him primed."

The next Saturday Marcus kicked three field goals against Marshall. Louisville won 16-14.

About the hair, Corso can relax a little. It is shorter now and the beard is gone. "The mother of a girl I date had told me many times that she could cut hair," says Marcus. "I said mine was getting raggedy at the ends. It was bothering me, because of trying to get it all inside the helmet. So I said, 'How about if you just trim the ends?' She started cutting. When I got up I almost fell through the floor. She had cut off two inches. The beard and mustache I shaved off myself. Since then I'm growing a goatee and another mustache."

So Corso is delighted with Marcus and can hardly wait for the proper moment to spring the new play he has devised. The play calls for Marcus to enter the lineup as a flankerback. When the huddle breaks, Marcus careens toward the sideline, doing cartwheels and flips. And while the unsuspecting rival players and everybody else watches what appears to be a hippie football player gone mad, the Louisville quarterback quickly takes the ball and...

END

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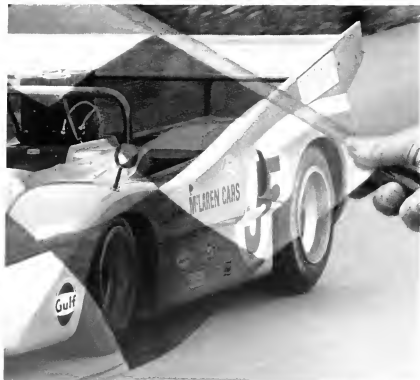


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Just ask the tailgate set who is No. 1

And the answer will be—no, not one of those teams up there on page 15—it will be Dartmouth, which last week shut out Yale in a battle between undefeated and, if you can believe it, nationally ranked teams

Seldom in recent years had there been so much genuine cause for excitement about an Ivy League football game, and before noon the parking areas around the Yale Bowl were already full of station wagons with tailgates let down and jugs of martinis set out on plaid blankets beside plates of chicken and deviled eggs. Like a convention of John O'Hara characters, the Old Grads assembled in turtle-necks and blazers, the glow of their cheeks illuminating the candy-striped tents where the Dartmouth Class of '46, among others, hoarsely sang good old songs the way they used to be done, with banjo backing and harmony on the favorite lines and nothing that needed plugging into an electrical socket except perhaps the fingers of one Yale alum, well into his gin, who kept gloomily muttering, "Two Ivy teams ranked in the top 20, what the hell is going on

here, it must be the apocalypse . . ."

With both Dartmouth and Yale unbeaten and rated nationally not only in both of the wire-service polls but also in the NCAA statistics, the largest crowd to see a non-Harvard game at Yale Bowl since Army was there in 1954 assembled on one of those crackling red-and-gold New England afternoons that helped to make football popular in the first place. A large part of the conversation was somewhat defensive, with people assuring one another that this whole thing was really great, that Dartmouth and Yale could certainly perform respectably against Ohio State or Texas or anybody else, and that Ivy League football, after all, is played by *students*. So without question in the minds of the 60,820 people who had come to watch it, this Yale-Dartmouth match was going to settle at least the amateur college

football championship of the season.

That is probably an accurate enough estimation of the view carried into the game by the students themselves, including most of the players. Although the New Haven newspaper had a Saturday headline that said *THIS BRACE FOR BIG GREEN*, the Yale Daily News kept the pregame stories on the sports page and put instead on its front page an account of the Bladderball Classic, an annual pig-pelle involving a huge canvas ball and dozens of bodies. As a further example of the perspective in which the game was seen, Dartmouth's best field-goal kicker, Wayne Pirmann, had to remain up in Hanover, N.H., on Saturday morning to play soccer, for God's sake. Clearly, such behavior would never be tolerated at Columbus or Austin. It fell to an eager Dartmouth grad, Class of '33, to volunteer to fly Pirmann to New Haven. When at last Pirmann arrived at the stadium, no doubt sped there from the airport by Jack Oakie in a roadster, he trotted onto the field near the end of the halftime show to try a few warmup kicks and was promptly pushed aside by the band. Later, however, Pirmann proved himself to have been worth the trouble by kicking a 30-yard field goal the only time he was allowed to swing his leg.

Up on the Dartmouth campus during the week before the game, the atmosphere was quite relaxed. Several players missed afternoon practices because of labs. "I know coaches who complain about not having had all their boys together for all the practices before a big game," said Dartmouth Coach Bob Blackburn. "Well, ours are never together." This coaching disadvantage is not restricted to Dartmouth, of course. Yale Coach Carm Cozza said this about Tackle Matt Jordan: "He's a farm boy from out in Minnesota, one of 11 kids, and there were nights he didn't climb off the tractor until 10 o'clock, so be-



DARTMOUTH'S BILL SKIBITSKY (70) GIVES DON MARTIN NO DAYLIGHT TO RUN TO

heve me when I tell you he is immensely strong. It's a good thing he is. The other night after a hard workout Matt studied until 1 a.m., got up again at 4 a.m. to check his lab experiments on the mating of fruit flies, came to my office to study game films until after 9 a.m., then went off to class and practice again." In the Ivy League there are no athletic scholarships, there is no spring practice, schedules are made two years in advance, and a season is limited to nine games. "The athletes are as good here as anywhere, but they're interested in more things," said Blackburn.

A few Ivy League athletes have gone on to play professional sports—Bill Bradley of Princeton in basketball is one, and Calvin Hill of Yale is an outstanding NFL runner. Among current Ivy players being watched by pro scouts is Willie Bogan, a tall, fast safetyman for Dartmouth who in some ways prefers track to football. "I get frustrated playing football," he said, "being told to do this and do that, not being really on my own. In track, if I'm running and don't win, well, that's my problem, I feel free. The football program here is secondary. We're not forced to play, or stay on the team. It's a matter of your own choice. Of course, I haven't tried to quit yet, either."

When it comes to outside interests, few could equal those of Yale Quarterback Joe Massey. As a freshman, Massey chose to sing in the glee club rather than play football. But as a senior Massey had guided the Yale offense through five straight victories coming into the big game against Dartmouth. There is a saying at Yale that the alumni would rather beat Harvard, the players would rather beat Princeton and the coaches would rather beat Dartmouth, which means that last year the Yale coaches must have been especially disappointed. Dartmouth won 42-21, and appeared headed for another Ivy League championship before being upset by Princeton. This year the Indians (if it is permissible still to use that nickname since their erstwhile Indian mascot, who was getting rather potbellied, has been banned from the field as being an "ethnic insult") had already knocked Princeton out of the way. With Pitt on the verge of being defeated by Syracuse, the winner of the Dartmouth-Yale game figured to wind up with the Lambert Trophy, awarded the best team in the East,

Unfortunately for the Yale crowd, it didn't take long to establish which was the better team. Massey stuck to a plan that stubbornly insisted his two fast running backs—Dick Jauron and Don Martin—could break through between the Dartmouth tackles, despite evidence to the contrary. Meanwhile, Dartmouth Quarterback Jim Chasey demonstrated great faith in his arm by continually completing deep and difficult passes at a cross-field angle, and once he rolled to his left and laid a long pass deftly over a defensive back and into the hands of a racing receiver. Dartmouth had an early touchdown called back and five times moved inside the Yale 20 without scoring—a circumstance that might have been different had Pirmann not been playing soccer.

Three of Chasey's passes were intercepted, two of them in the end zone, but Dartmouth kept rolling up yards and finally scored on a three-yard run by Brendan O'Neill just before the half. Although there was a feeling that Dartmouth could have been leading by 40 points, Yale was in the game until the last three minutes when an interception stopped a drive to give Dartmouth the game 10-0.

Back to the tailgates and the striped tents went the crowd, and into a monster traffic jam lightened by the sound of singing voices. In the locker room Jauron, who had been fifth in the nation in rushing before Dartmouth smothered him, said, "It's only a game, right?" For the Ivies, one of the biggest.

THE WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED

EAST

1. DARTMOUTH (6-0)
2. SYRACUSE (4-3)
3. PITT (5-2)

To paraphrase Mark Twain, those reports of Syracuse's death were greatly exaggerated. The Orangemen, supposedly suffering from a terminal case of nasal misery, lost their first three starts but now have won four straight. Their latest, and most impressive, victory was a 43-13 upset of Pittsburgh (and

when was the last time anybody upset Pitt?) in Syracuse's Archbold Stadium. "This is the most remarkable group of boys with which I've been connected," said Syracuse Coach Ben Schwartzwalder. "I just can't believe what they are doing." Neither could Bud Dudley of the Liberty Bowl, who came to scout Pitt and left talking about Syracuse. "They are definitely a team to be considered," said Dudley.

Quarterback Randy Zar, sidelined by injuries for three weeks, came back to run Syracuse's newly installed Power I, and he lit the formation perfectly. Entering the game late in the first quarter, Zar ran for 40 yards and two TDs, and passed for 93 yards and two more scores. He was at his best in the second quarter when the Orange scored three times in an eight-minute span for a 19-0 lead. Meanwhile, Syracuse's defense blitzed Pitt Quarterback Dave Havens into ineffectiveness.

In Philadelphia, hapless Navy went up against Notre Dame and the Middles surprised even themselves by making a game out of it—for the first 10 minutes, that is. After the Irish took the opening kickoff and nonchalantly their way 80 yards for a TD, the Middles came back to tie it on a five-yard keeper by Quarterback Ade Dillon, a sophomore making his first start. The play, set up when an Irish defensive back inexplicably failed to break up Dillon's long, wobbly pass to Karl Schwelin, was the incentive for some cannon shooting and hat waving by the assembled Middles. Then it was Pearl Harbor time. Under the direction of Joe Theismann, Notre Dame scored four times in the second quarter, and the Irish defense made Dillon look seasick. At the end it was Notre Dame 56, Navy 7.

For Theismann, the game was a homecoming of sorts, because Joe comes from South River, N.J., just a few miles up the turnpike. A good many Theismann fans were in the crowd of 45,226 (which only half filled enormous John F. Kennedy Stadium) and some wore old-fashioned straw hats with the sign "7—South River." The folks were pleased to see No. 7 complete 10 of 13 passes for 161 yards, including two scoring tosses to Tom Gateswood.

While Dartmouth and Yale were slugging it out for the Ivy lead (page 44), their contemporaries were running up some healthy scores. With Ed Marinaro gaining 127 yards and scoring three TDs, Cornell dumped Columbia 31-20. In other games it was Harvard 38, Penn 23 and Princeton 45, Brown 14, totals that might have been left over from the old AFL.

At University Park, Pa., a couple of fallen powers, Penn State and West Virginia, came together, only State appeared to have rebounded and the result for State's Italian coach, Joe Paterno, was some a-specy, spacy ball, all right. Before the game, Penn State's

continued

sophomore quarterback, John Hufnagle, made the rather melodramatic observation that "I feel like a gladiator about to go on display in the big arena." Well, whatever John felt, the display was not at all bad for a guy who started the season as the No. 3 quarterback and a backup defensive back. Befuddling the Mountaineers with his mastery of the option, Hufnagle guided State to a 42-8 victory. Meanwhile, his former defensive colleagues also were having a fine day, blocking a punt to set up a TD, holding West Virginia to only 27 yards rushing and dumping Mountaineer Quarterback Mike Sherwood seven times for 65 yards in losses. "I don't think they wanted me with the defense," said Hufnagle, almost wistfully. "I'm not very ferocious."

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (7-0)
2. ARKANSAS (7-1)
3. TEXAS TECH (6-2)

Already Steve Worster of Texas had scored four touchdowns and generally run all over the SMU defense. So now with a Texas first down on the Mustangs' one, all of the 66,500 in Austin's Memorial Stadium knew what was coming up. Texas Quarterback Eldie Phillips would hand off to Worster, who would blow over for yet another TD, right? In anticipation, the Texas fans began going out with "Woo, Woo, Woo," that special cheer for Worster that sounds like a longhorn in need of an Alka-Seltzer. So then, with all this "woooing" going on, something remarkable happened. Not once, but twice, SMU stopped Worster for zero, zip, no gain. Finally Phillips had to call on Jim Bertelsen for that last yard and his team's last touchdown.

Had Worster scored, his five TDs would have given him the school record for points in one game. Said Phillips, "I personally didn't know Steve could have broken a record, but I figured it would be nice if he could get five touchdowns. He probably would have clutched me if I had called him again, because he ran most of the plays to get us down there." Worster confirmed his quarterback's suspicion. "I was so tired I couldn't see," he said.

For the game, the Southwest Conference rushing leader gained 144 yards on 25 carries. For that matter, Bertelsen had fun, too, getting 139 yards—including a 72-yard touchdown run—in 14 carries. Another busy Longhorn was Danny Lester, a crack defensive halfback who took over at split end after Cotton Speyer broke his arm against Oklahoma. Lester played both ways against SMU, but he was more successful on off-

fense than defense. He caught all five of Phillips' completions (Phillips threw only five times), but couldn't keep SMU's Chuck Hixon from completing 31 of 57 passes for 381 yards and two TDs. Woo.

In College Station there was bad news for Arkansas fans. The Razorbacks visited Texas A&M 45-6, but their answer to Worster, Tailback Bill Burnett, suffered a shoulder separation in the second quarter and is probably out for the year. Before the injury, Burnett, the highest scorer in conference history, had scored three times, giving him 49 TDs and 294 points for his career. The previous leader, Oak Walker, scored 288 points while playing one more varsity season than Burnett. "I'm heartbroken for the boy," said Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles, although a physician said Burnett had an "outside chance" of playing against Texas on Dec. 5.

At Houston, Sam Henry, a 25-year-old Air Force veteran, made his debut as a kicker, and his three field goals (two from the 34, one from the 35) helped Houston past Tulsa 21-9. Ducky Ingram's 43-yard field goal gave Texas Tech a 3-0 win over Rice.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (6-0)
2. NOTRE DAME (6-0)
3. NEBRASKA (7-0-1)

Every time Ohio State plays at home it seems as if an altitude record crowd is in the gray old concrete stadium on the banks of the Olentangy River. For the game against Northwestern the attendance was 86,673 (a record, of course), but by halftime about 86,000 were feeling rather concerned about their beloved Buckeyes. The score was Northwestern 10, Ohio State 3 and all sorts of wild things had been going on. Ohio State's quarterback, Rex Kern, had gained only eight yards and had thrown three interceptions. And Northwestern's Mike Adamle, known to his fans as the "Mighty Mite," was stomping all over Jim Stillwagon, Jack Tatum and the rest of Ohio's defense. Clearly, it was a crisis for the top-ranked Buckeyes, and everyone was wondering how Coach Woody Hayes would turn it around.

Well, what Woody did was to forget passes and triple options and all that other new-fangled foolishness and go back to good ol' hard-hitting, up-the-middle football. His "brutal-shock" offense, some call it, and what it requires is simple: Fullback John Brockington runs. And runs. And runs. It is not the most exciting kind of football in the world, but it worked against Northwestern. In the second half the Buckeyes had the ball 57 plays to only 26 for North-

western. Brockington alone carried 30 times the last half, once for a touchdown. Kern ran for two more TDs, and when the last cloud of dust had cleared Ohio State had a 24-10 victory. Afterward Hayes was smug and happy as he looked at the statistics. "That's the way statistics should look," he said. "We're overdoing that passing. At halftime we drew up about four plays that would go."

"Yeah," said a reporter, remembering Brockington's constant smashes. "What were the other three?"

In other Big Ten games, Michigan used Don Moorhead's passing to down Wisconsin 29-15 and remain unbeaten in seven games, the Wolverines' best start since 1948. At West Lafayette, Ind., Illinois upset Purdue 23-21 to snap its 11-game conference losing streak. Trailing 21-17, the Illini scored the winning points on Halfback Garrell Robinson's six-yard dash in the final minutes.

In Manhattan, Kans., Quarterback Lynn Oskey of Kansas State was on the spot. Only 1:45 remained in the game, his team trailed Missouri 13-10 and it was third and 15 on the Mizzou 20. So Oskey did what heroes are supposed to do, faking back and hitting Mike Creed for 20 yards and the points that beat Missouri 17-13. Besides winning the game, that play also gave Oskey 5,135 yards in career total offense, putting him past Bob Anderson's Big Eight Conference record of 5,017. At Boulder, Colorado's swift Cliff Branch the runs the 100 in 9.3) gained 95 yards on a reverse play, caught three passes as a wide receiver and played the deep middle on kick returns (three times almost breaking loose for scores), but he still wasn't enough to keep Nebraska from a 29-13 victory.

Who holds the longest unbeaten streak in the Midwest? Little Toledo, that's who, although the Rockets were pressed before pulling out their 19th in a row, a 14-13 win over Miami of Ohio. Trailing 13-7, Toledo Quarterback Chuck Enley passed his team to the Miami three, then ran around end with 3:01 left for the winning points.

SOUTH

1. LSU (5-1)
2. AUBURN (6-1)
3. TENNESSEE (6-1)

On Tuesday afternoon, four days before the game, Mississippi State's team showed up on the Alabama campus in Tuscaloosa. Oh, well, said the "Bama students, you know those Mississippians. Probably made a wrong turn in Starkville and didn't realize it until they had traveled the 180-mile round trip to Tuscaloosa. The real reason for the

Bulldogs' early appearance, of course, was strictly calculated. Coach Charley Shra wanted them to get the feel of the AstroTurf carpet in Alabama's Denny Stadium. Said Shra, "It was inconvenient and it consumed six and a half hours, but I think it was worth it."

Shra felt his Bulldogs had a solid chance against Alabama. For the first time since Bear Bryant's return, State came to Tuscaloosa with a better record (5-2) than the Crimson Tide (4-3). In the end, however, it was the same old story. The score was Alabama 35, State 6 and afterward Bear Bryant was sounding more optimistic than he has in years. "We're a good football team," said Bryant, perhaps thinking that this might be his 12th straight bowl team after all.

The star for Alabama was Fullback Johnny Mingo, whose 159 yards in 18 carries

WEST

1. STANFORD (7-1)
2. AIR FORCE (8-0)
3. ARIZONA STATE (6-0)

With help from Washington, Stanford and Jim Plunkett virtually assured themselves of the school's first trip to the Rose Bowl since 1951-52. While the Indians were home beating Oregon State 48-10, their nearest rival, Oregon, was upset by Washington 25-23 in Seattle. Now Oregon, California and UCLA all have two losses in the Pacific Eight Conference, while Stanford is unbeaten in the league. So all Stanford needs is a victory in one of its last two conference games, against Washington this Saturday and California (Nov. 21) to wrap up the championship.

The Indians got a little Halloween scare from the Great Pumpkin (which is what everybody calls Oregon State Coach Dee Anderson) early in their game against the Beavers. Stanford took a 7-0 lead when Plunkett and Jack Laake combined on a 70-yard pass play. Those yards put Plunkett past 7,000 in career total offense, but while Jim was being congratulated, Oregon State took advantage of a muffed punt play to tie it. At halftime the Indians led by only 17-10 but, before Stanford fans could get seriously frightened, the Indians scored four quick TDs. The steamroller was turned on by Safety Jim Kauffman, a rugby enthusiast who intercepted a pass and returned it 37 yards for a TD early in the third period.

Washington sophomore passing star Sonny Sarkisler had the flit, as the Huskies had to put in Greg Collins in the third quarter. At the time they were trailing Oregon 15-7, but Collins threw a touchdown pass, then maneuvered the Huskies into position for Steve Wiczowski's winning 19-yard field goal with 30 seconds remaining. Said Coach Jim Owens, "Collins has looked so good in practice. It was just a matter of time until he got his chance." In Los Angeles, California upset Southern Cal 13-10, snuffing out the Trojans' last faint hope for a fifth straight Rose Bowl trip. The winning points again were provided by a field goal, this one Randy Wenzel's 46-yard kick.

Perhaps the most dramatic field goal of the day, however, was the one that the Air Force used to beat Arizona 23-20. With only four seconds left and the score tied at 20, the Air Force's Craig Barry missed a field goal from the 19. But Arizona's Jackie Wallace was called for passing on, and Barry got to kick again. This one, with no time left on the clock, was good and the Falcons were still unbeaten and united. **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Fullback Steve Worster of Texas, a 6'1", 204-pound senior, scored five touchdowns in the Longhorns' 42-15 win over SMU. Worster now holds school career records for touchdowns (32) and points (192).

THE LINEBACKER: Tackle Barry Brink, a 6'1", 240-pound senior from Mill Valley, Calif., helped Dartmouth's defense stop previously unbeaten Yale in a 10-0 victory. The Flin were held to only 190 yards total offense by the Indians.

moved him closer to becoming the first Alabama runner to gain 1,000 yards in a season. Mingo now has 792 yards, with at least three games remaining.

In Gainesville, Auburn came back strong from its LSU defeat, whipping Florida 63-14. The Tigers compiled 566 yards in total offense, with Quarterback Pat Sullivan getting 166 with his passes. In the first half Sullivan hit on 15 of 18 for 200 yards as Auburn built a 35-0 lead. He finished with 21 of 27, including three TD strikes to his favorite target, Terry Beasley. At Memphis, Tennessee stopped Wake Forest Fullback Larry Hopkins and beat the Oacons 41-7. Three other Atlantic Coast teams ventured outside the conference and didn't fare much better. In Durham, Georgia Tech whipped Duke 24-16, Georgia outlasted South Carolina 52-34 and in Lexington, Kentucky beat North Carolina State 27-2. Said State Coach Earle Edwards when asked about his team's fumble on the Kentucky four-yard line: "Oh, you noticed we were in danger of scoring a touchdown again? But we got out of it all right. Besides, this one wasn't as dangerous as last week when we got to the one against Maryland before fumbling. That one was really scary." Happy Halloween, coach.

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PEOPLE

SPORTING PARTIES I

Hosts of the Week are **Fireball, Tobe, Chickenman**, and possibly even **Jarbo** and **Foo-foo**, for their postlight get-together in Atlanta, the one where some 200 guests were taken for some \$200,000. It seems Atlanta's Gordon (Chickenman) Williams, reputed onetime lottery kingpin, was approached by a friend known only as Fireball and asked to throw a birthday party for a friend known only as Tobe (the rules of Jarbo and Foo-foo are unclear. Atlanta police would like to know whether they just promised to bring the salad and the chili, or what). So Chickenman kindly okayed the use of his house. Fancy engraved invitations were mailed and others were passed around after the fight, but arriving guests found things more radical than chic. Gunmen with sawed-off shotguns robbed them and made many of them strip and lie on the cellar floor, which became very crowded (thosees, please note, more guests will fit into your basement if you have them stand, rather than lie, on the floor). About 3, the gunmen swept the loot into pillowcases and departed, leaving it pretty much up to Chickenman to ex-

plain matters to the police. Anybody who thought the whole thing was his fault, said Chickenman, "laid on egg. Those dudes took \$971 off me. And rapped my sun." He also was out the price of one birthday cake, though on the positive side, police report that he was left with quite a lot of partyhose in his basement.

SPORTING PARTIES II

Meanwhile, in Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Gale Sayers, Sid Luckman, Kay Stevens, Teamster official Harold Gibbons and 70 others dropped by another party to watch the fight on a private, closed-circuit hookup, have a few drinks and go home early. For so decorous an affair at the Playboy mansion Hugh Hefner does not get to be a Host of the Week.

"They phoned me all week," says football's Ernie Nevers. "Congratulations on my winnings, regrets on our golf tournament." Nevers got word, in the same mail, that he'd won \$500 in the New York State Lottery and £100 in the Irish Sweepstakes, but his pleasure was not, as they say, unalloyed. He also is president of the Northern California chapter of the National

Football Foundation and Hall of Fame, and the old NCC of the NFF and H. of F. had scheduled a big fund-raising golf tournament and banquet for Monday, Oct. 26. Nevers now reports they'll hold the tournament next spring, carefully avoiding the night of the Ali-Frazier fight, and presumably he now feels free to at least smile about winning all that money.

♦ Look, fellas, there is E. J. Holub of the Kansas City Chiefs being helped into his false eyelashes which, as you can plainly see, transform him from the drab 6' 4", 236-pound weakling on the left to that irresistible creature on the right. The Chad's Jim Tyrer, Jerry Mays and Holub are promoting the sale of—are you ready?—Guylashes, because, Tyrer explains, the trend is toward men enhancing their masculinity "with more flamboyant dress and increased use of hairpieces." He also explains that he himself does not plan to wear Guylashes "because, well, I've already got naturally long eyelashes and don't feel any need to enhance my masculinity."

And men, if your hair problem is even more basic than being cursed with little stubby eyelashes—like if you're actually bald—you can now purchase something called Joe Peppone's Hair. This is a Japanese medallion that comes in 18 decorator colors and retails for about \$40 a wig—which is an easier and cheaper deal, anyway, than sticking Guylashes on by one all over your head.

Rumanian President Nicolae Ceausescu was touring Colonial Williamsburg when he suddenly remarked that what he would really enjoy would be a game of volleyball. Volleyball is not Colonial Williamsburg's thing, but anything for a state priest, right? Officials sent to the Col-

lege of William & Mary for equipment, and after lunch a game was set up behind the 18th-century Allen-Byrd house. President Ceausescu and his wife played two games for Rumania, won both, and in the second inflicted not only defeat but humiliation upon the U.S. team. Ceausescu's exertions did not even require him to remove his vest, but the exertions of Assistant U.S. Chief of Protocol William Cofas caused him to split his pants.

Which brings us to Esther Williams. "Natural stresses beyond Esther's control," explains a fellow guest at producer Aaron Spelling's Beverly Hills home, "caused the pants of the swimming star's pants suit to give way" (American pants aren't what they used to be.) Cesar Romero was the first to notice, but said he really didn't know what to do about it (Cesar Romero isn't what he used to be.) "Tell her husband," someone suggested. Her husband told Esther. Esther said to Cesar, "Why didn't you tell me sooner?" Cesar said to Esther, "But I was enjoying it!" (Cesar Romero is what he used to be.)

The End.

The *Tower of London* reports that Spain's El Cordobés has arrived for a two-month visit to Britain "to learn English so that he can star in the film story of his life." Wonderful. Still no word as to whether his native country rates a dubbed version or is going to have to make do with Spanish subtitles.

Button, Button

James (Bud) Jack, Utah athletic director, lost a button from his shirt before the Utah-Wyoming game and put it away in a coat pocket. Later on, things got a bit sticky for the Utes and Bud's head began to pound, so he reached into his pocket for an aspirin and . . .





**Martinsville, Va., October 17—
Javelin's win at Martinsville makes it 8 for 12 in NASCAR
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The run was a natural gas

There was a time when Gary Gabelich seemed headed for the moon. He qualified for a program involving astronaut training and worked hard at it. He ran six miles every other day, and he frequently fell out of the sky with a movie camera, photographing the actions of parachutes opening. He lived in earthbound space capsules for days at a time under simulated high-altitude conditions. He grew wiry, with 155 pounds of lean muscle over his 6-foot frame. But he dropped out of the program when it became clear that he would not be permitted to pilot the spaceship up there and back. If Gary does not get to drive a thing, he doesn't want to go.

That was in 1968. In the months that followed, Gabelich sort of careened around. He kept on sky diving. He played tennis, baseball, handball, raced go-karts, went surfing and water skiing. Mostly, he turned to motor sports. He raced cars, motorcycles, fuel and jet dragsters, even drag boats. By 1968 he was the American Power Boat Association fuel-hydro champ. Then, last September, he hit 200.44 mph in a drag boat, fastest such run ever recorded. All of which, in the inexorable manner of such things, finally brought him, at 30 years of age, to the Bonneville Salt Flats and this monster jet car called Blue Flame.

Racing cars is one thing. But driving a vehicle faster than anybody in the world is the ultimate, the nub of it all, the

final stinging glory of speed. By the time Gabelich got to the rocket car on the desert, the world land-speed record was a tidy 600.601 mph, a mark set in 1965 by Craig Breedlove.

Gabelich has changed since his pre-astronaut days, in the subtle ways that would better prepare him for his run across the salt. No more conservative clothes, no NASA haircut. He is a lot more hip, with deliberately shaggy hair that tumbles almost to his shoulders. More Captain America than Captain Carpenter. His talk now is studded with phrases calculated to indicate he is very with-it, and he is apt to refer to something as being "plenty boss," which really means it is a bit of all right. Upon checking in at the tiny border town of Wendover on Sept. 14, the Gabelich crew put a lot of champagne on ice. They would drink it when he broke the world speed record. A plenty boss gesture. And then they learned that it is not that easy. It was to be 39 days before they got to taste the wine.

First, there was that fearsome supercar that dominated everything around it on the desert—38.2 feet from nose to tail, 8.8 feet to the top of its tailfin, 7.8 feet wide. It weighed 6,500 pounds. The rear tires were 35 inches high, about as tall as, say, Mario Andretti. "It is, basically, a long piece of pipe," said Gabelich. "It is built to run horizontally, man, not vertically."

And over it all was a snappy silver and blue paint job, and fitted inside the pipe was a 770-pound rocket engine tuned to 16,000 pounds of thrust—which figures out to 58,000 horsepower. The Blue Flame, Gabelich found, could accelerate from zero to 650 mph in 20 seconds. The cockpit was basic: the steering system and throttle, cameras, a recorder and radio setup over which Gabelich would talk to his crew. Not hip conversation.

"I would flick on all the switches and shout 'here we go!'" he says. "Then I would slam it right to the wood and count off my speed: 250 . . . 300 . . . 350 . . . 400. Man, it's really far out."

Before selecting Gabelich to drive the Blue Flame, a great many experts had a hand in the project. Prime sponsor was the Natural Gas Industry, which is a combine of 52 companies in gas and related fields—the sort of stand, vest-wearing outfits hardly ever associated with such madcap adventure. Still, it seemed a dramatic way to demonstrate what they feel is the safety and versatility of natural gas as a pure form of pollution-free power. The liquefied natural gas-hydrogen peroxide concept for the engine came from an astronautish-sounding Milwaukee outfit called Reaction Dynamics Inc. Goodyear, which has a long association with land-speed attempts, developed the tires over a year of research, rolled them out to Bonneville and pronounced them capable of speeds up to 700 mph and tested in excess of 800, if Gabelich cared to go that fast.

Not at first. The Utah flats are tricky: a vast bed of crystalline with mountains on one side, more mountains on the other, a 10-mile black guideline painted straight across—and unpredictable weather in between. The salt tends to be uneven in texture; the winds blow capriciously—headwinds, crosswinds, the works. And anything over the gentle push of a 6-mph breeze can scratch a run. Gabelich did not get in his first attempt until Sept. 19. Then, in 19 more attacks, he got the monster up over 600 mph seven times, and twice just barely missed the two-way record.

According to the worldwide rules that govern such things, a land-speed mark is recognized only after two runs through the flying kilometer and measured mile clocks. Both runs must be made within one hour and, for all their early speed down the black line,

continued

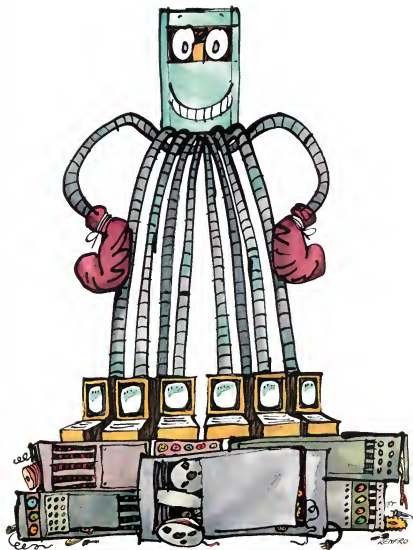


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the crew approached the record slowly. Finally came the morning of Friday, Oct. 23 when, as Gabelich puts it, "They got it all together."

For the record, let it be noted that the fastest man in the world fueled up on hot chocolate, cereal and a cinnamon roll, accompanied by the digestion-inducing sounds of Creedence Clearwater Revival on the cafe jukebox. He was wearing his lucky canary-colored T shirt, Levi's and black stocking cap. On top of that, at the Flats, he added the things he wanted for spiritual comfort: 28 strands of beads around his neck, a hair clip from his girlfriend, a St. Christopher medal, various Indian good-luck pieces, a Mexican peso, several key chains and four letters which had been earned by John Cobb during his 1947 record run in which he averaged 394.196 mph.

Spirit thus fortified, Gabelich took care of the physical: over all that stuff he donned flame-resistant suit, gloves, boots, face mask and helmet—producing an effect that was pretty much astronaut et al. Except that the suit also displays the decals of the participating companies, plus one peace symbol and one American flag. That left only one thing left to do: talk to the car. Gabelich patted the nose cone and said to the Blue Flame, urgently: "Let's do it together, baby. Give me a good ride. Let's go, baby. You can do it. We can do it together, baby." Then he climbed into the cockpit.

"This is what happens," says Gabel-

ich. "You're sitting in it and they put the cover on you. Suddenly, all my adrenaline pumps up to about the same pressure as the gas. My thinking clears up and it's all beautiful. I'm in a completely different world, man. I know how a lion tamer feels. I turn on the recordings and let it go: suddenly I'm blasted back into the seat and my body conforms to it exactly. And I count off the speeds. Then my hearing cuts out at 600 mph and it's all beautifully still, quiet. It's better than sex, man, it's better than anything."

First run down, the Blue Flame hit 617.602 mph through the measured mile. In 48½ minutes the car was ready for the run back. The truck eased up behind and started the push-off. It got the Blue Flame rolling down the approach at about 35 mph and backed off. Inside the cockpit, Gabelich fired off the engine with a shattering roar and was away.

The slick tires quickly picked up a coating of damp salt, creating the eerie visual effect that the car was floating, slightly airborne, as it flashed through the mile, stretched out in a long, shimmering silver-blue streak. Behind it, drifting lazily, came puffs of fluffy white vapor. And inside the cockpit, despite the push of some five G's, Gabelich kept his cool. "It was smooth, very smooth," he said. "It seemed to float a little. Nothing wrong, though. Everything was perfect." Then, even as the car zinged past the timing trailer, the chutes puffed out and it was all over: 630.388 mph through the kilo and 627.287 mph through the mile. A world record two-way average of 622.407 mph.

When the crew unstrapped the canopy and unstrapped him, Gabelich, now officially the fastest man in the world, uttered the historic words: "Plenty boss, man, plenty boss." Then he added, more prosaically, "I knew it was a good one. It was a wild ride. We really got with it. I'm very happy."

"Next year," said Gabelich, "we'll go after the speed of sound. It's about 720 miles an hour at this altitude. I'm also looking for a sponsor to build me a rocket-powered boat. I want to be the first man to hold both land- and water-speed records and survive."

Then they all piled into cars and paraded back to Wendover, honking horns and shouting the news. And they finally drank the champagne. Plenty boss. Maybe better than going to the moon. **END**



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Bad days at Black Canyon for the U.S.

Soviet marksmen regain their old form in the world championships

Even with world titles at stake the cold precision of competitive shooting makes for poor spectating, but to those involved there is no more passionate sport. So the shots fired during the 40th World Shooting Championships at Phoenix, Ariz. were heard round the world, from Melbourne to Madrid, but nowhere were they louder than in the U.S.S.R., whose blue-clad team outshot the marksmen from 52 nations, including the second-place Americans.

When the smoke had cleared over the Black Canyon Range near Phoenix last week, the Soviets had carried away 19 gold medals, 16 silvers and 10 bronzes, using everything from small-bore rifles to skeet guns. The second-place Americans had 12 golds, 14 silvers and eight bronzes.

For the Americans it was a disappointing, but not altogether unexpected, showing. Although the U.S. had passed the Russian marksmen in gold medals 17-10 at the last world championships in Wiesbaden, Germany in 1966 (cutting into a 57-29 Soviet lead in gold medals over three previous championships), there had been signs of definite deterioration in the American ranks ever since.

America is a nation of shooters, but training in weaponry here runs more to "practical" aspects of the sport. Mostly, U.S. target shooters are out to improve their aim for deer, duck and woodcock. But the pure sport of shooting for accuracy alone and the satisfaction of marksmanship as an art in itself are concepts better understood in Europe.

Scarcely a handful of ranges in the U.S. afford conditions comparable to those employed in the world championships.

Gary Anderson, the American gold medalist in the 300-meter rifle event at both the last two Olympics and the world championships in 1962 and 1966, is probably a fairly typical U.S. firing range product—only better. He learned to shoot in his dad's cow pasture in Ax-tell, Neb. but soon graduated to serious target work. His development was helped by the Russians, whose assistance to their American rival was an example of the camaraderie to be found in this esoteric game.

"The Russians answered a lot of my questions," he said during a lull in the shooting at Phoenix. "I went around taking pictures and notes, and learned a lot." One of the things Anderson learned was how inferior U.S. firing facilities are when compared to those abroad. "Back in the '30s," he says, "we developed our own bastard courses, which other countries do not have to put up with. But the people on our team have really devoted themselves to international training in spite of the handicaps."

Oddly enough, the brilliant sunshine at Phoenix during the week of competition probably hurt the American shooters, Anderson explained. Used to competing on inferior ranges in all sorts of conditions, the Americans could probably have profited by some adverse weather at Black Canyon. As it was, Anderson refrained from competing this year to do some politicking back home, where he is running for county treasurer. "If I'm going to do a good job at that I must put in a lot of time. Sport was something I had to cut down on."

Without answer, the Americans still managed to do well in the standing position in the 300-meter free rifle event. Shooters like Margaret Murdock, John Foster and John Writter won all three places and the team gold. But in kneeling and prone firing the Americans fell behind the Russians, whose total points in all three positions were better than the U.S. and Switzerland.

One of the finest performances at Phoenix came from Evgeny Petrov of the U.S.S.R., who scored a world record in international skeet by knocking down 200 pigeons out of 200. In 1968 he took the Olympic gold medal with a score of 198—the first time that inter-

national skeet had been shot at any Olympics. International differs from U.S. skeet mainly in the delayed release of the target after the "pull" order (up to three seconds), a longer distance for the target to be thrown (71 yards, as opposed to 55 in the U.S.) and the fact that the competitor must keep the gun butt at his hip until the target appears.

And there are rules and regulations in international shooting that the ordinary field hunter would find plainly finicky. The lining and padding of a shooting jacket, for instance, may not be quilted or cross-stitched and "must hang loosely on the body of the wearer similar to a normal suit coat." All inside pockets are prohibited. Shoe soles cannot be thicker than 10 millimeters at the toe. Such rules are meant to keep shooters from tricking up jackets so that they will support a rifle better or turning shoes into rigid firing platforms.

The championships used to be annual affairs attracting as few as three countries, but since 1954 they have been held every four years, like the Olympics, and now draw very well. More than 900 contestants were entered this year, and, though there were a few protests about scores, the shoot-out was an amiable event. The Russians brought their own vodka and generously passed out an occasional bottle. The Japanese amused themselves by teaching pesky American kids tricks of judo.

Veteran observers of American training methods feel that we will fall still farther behind the Russians unless something is done to jack up our range techniques. Curiously, in a society considered "open" when it comes to gun ownership and use, the United States is notably deficient in organizing its gunmanship. An American pistol shooter, for instance, is very likely to train at all the various pistol events—standard pistol, center fire, rapid fire and free pistol. Sportsmen from other countries tend to specialize. And in Russia, where gun regulations are far tighter, every encouragement is given to marksmanship. Ranges throughout the country are open to anyone—with rifles furnished by the government and low-cost ammunition provided. A young shooter of promise will be trained at government expense. Our best training grounds are military—the Army supplies the bulk of our competitors. The U.S. rifle team consisted of eight soldiers and a marine. The 11-man

pistol team was totally military except for one civilian and a border patrolman. But even military interest in the sport is declining. The Air Force has abandoned it altogether.

It would be futile these days to ask Congress for funds to build adequate practice ranges. Contestants in Caracas in 1954 fired their guns on a range that cost the Venezuelan government \$5 million. At Cairo eight years later, the range cost the Egyptian government \$7 million. The Black Canyon rifle and pistol range and the Phoenix Trap and Skeet Club, where the shotgun competition was held, represented a total investment of \$1.2 million—one-sixth of it public funds.

Preparations for the championships were made by the National Rifle Association, with the International Shooting Union officials checking. Teen-agers from the Phoenix Indian School were trained in scorekeeping, working targets and being generally useful. Interpreters were plentiful, too, among them 14-year-old Richard Mesnard, who is fluent in Spanish, French, Russian, Italian and even Latin. The British contestants, he found, spoke "rather strange English."

Not all the shooting was with firearms. There was competition with the air pistol and air rifle. Indeed, the first gold medal for the U.S. was won by Army Major Sallie Carroll with her air pistol, beating out two Russian women sharpshooters. Youngest of the competitors was 15-year-old Bonny Hampson of Homestead, Fla., who placed in the top three to make the U.S. women's team as a rifleman. She is also a member of her high school bowling and swimming teams.

The U.S. team was captained by Colonel Walter Walsh, USMC retired, who is also a veteran of the FBI during the shoot-out days of the '30s when G-men were coping with the likes of Pretty Boy Floyd and John Dillinger. He was himself wounded four times in bringing down a bank robber, Al Brady, outside a Bangor, Me. sporting goods store where the mobster had gone to replenish his arsenal.

No one knows how many rounds were fired in practice and competition during the championships, but one observer, watching the dust kicked up behind the targets at Black Canyon, reckoned that "there's enough lead in there to warrant mining it."

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Don't bother hitting a Plager on the head

As brother Bob says, "No Plager is hurt when he gets hit there." All three of them play defense for the St. Louis Blues, and their view of hockey is that you should whack the other guy before he whacks you

If it had happened in Montreal or Boston or New York or Philadelphia or Pittsburgh—places where the Plager Brothers have cracked a few rival skulls—the crowd would have cheered for more blood and a lone bugler would have sounded taps. But this was Vancouver, a city new to the National Hockey League and the Plager Gang from St. Louis, and the crowd responded to the sight of a Plager stretched out cold on the ice with silent sympathy.

Barclay Plager and Bob Plager were kneeling on the ice alongside their kid brother Billy, who was dreaming sweet dreams and squirting blood from a gash over his left ear. Moments before, Billy had caught Ray Cullen of the Vancouver Canucks skating with his head down just inside the St. Louis blue line and, like a good Plager, had upended Cullen with a solid body check. But as Cullen somersaulted back to ice level, the blade of

his skate sliced into Billy's skull. Billy immediately jumped up. Then he noticed he was bleeding and crumpled back onto the ice.

"When I saw the blood pouring from the kid's head, I knew he was all right," Bob Plager said later. "It was really sawdust that he was losing, not blood. And hey, no Plager is hurt when he gets hit on the head. What have we got up there to hurt?" Although Billy was wheeled from the ice on a stretcher, which, he admitted, "was not good for the family image," he upheld another family tradition by returning to the St. Louis bench 14 stitches later. "It was nothing," he said.

When they are not getting hit on the head, or hitting other players on the head, the three wild Plagers play defense for the St. Louis Blues, an accomplishment that is unique among the numerous brother acts in pro sports this year. There are other brothers who play for the same team, like Henry and Tommie Aaron, Bobby and Dennis Hull, Larry and Wayne Hillman and Ernie and Billy Hicke. Then there are the Conigliaro brothers, Tony and Billy, who played in the same outfield until the Boston Red Sox management decided the act was a "liability" and shipped Tony to California.

The three Alous all played the outfield, but for different teams, in the National League, and the three Richardsons play for different clubs in the American Football Conference. Some brothers are rivals, like Tom Van Arsdale, who guards his twin brother Dick; Phil Esposito, who shoots pucks at his brother Tony; and Miller Farr, who tackles his brother Mel (and also his cousin, Jerry Leivas). Some brothers are in different leagues, like Jim and Gaylord Perry, who

each won more than 20 games this year, Richie and Hank Allen, Joe and Phil Niekro and Carlos and Lee May. Some brothers play different sports, like Alex Johnson, who won the American League batting championship, and brother Ron, who is one of the National Football League's leading rushers. Finally, there is Umpire Bill Haller, who someday may have to call his brother, Catcher Tom Haller, out on strikes.

Barclay Plager, 29, and Bob, 27, are a regular pair in the Blues' blue line while Billy, 25, is a swing defenseman. They all arrived in St. Louis courtesy of the New York Rangers, and they play the game only one way—rough. Whenever they have played, they always have been among the leaders in penalty minutes. Last year, for instance, Barclay and Bob accounted for half the Blues' major penalties, and major penalties generally are fighting penalties. Never has a Plager been accused of playing defense with finesse, indeed, the Plagers believe the only way to take the puck from someone is to slam that person onto the ice or into the boards. "Is there any other way?" Billy asks.

"Some people call our dad 'Squirrel,' because they think he raised three nuts," Billy adds. "Dad never let us come crying to him. If we had something going, either with each other or with some other kids on the street, we had to go out back and settle it." Some of the best fights in Ontario were private brawls between Barclay and Bob.

"One time we were playing amateur hockey—Barclay in Peterborough and me in Guelph," Bob says, "and we really squared away. One of my teammates, Al Lebrun, tried to break us up but the referee wisely pulled him off. We were still feuding at the end of the game, and we both said we'd get the other one soon. Well, that night Barclay came into a restaurant where I was eating and

enraged



THREE NICE GUYS—before the game begins, of course—are brothers Bill, Barclay and Bob.

The Canadians Canadians are proud of.

Canada is a proud land. One of proud people, proud of things Canadian. OFC is their whisky, blended to their taste, with a clean, mellow flavor. Serve OFC proudly. That's how it was made.

The whole world admires Canadian fur fashions. Below, Donald Richer, a well-known designer.



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Blended Canadian Whisky - Distilled, taste-tested and bottled in Valleyfield, P.Q., Canada - 6 years old 86 B proof ©Schenley Distributors Co., N.Y.C.

What to look for before you buy new snow tires

And how the Super Shell Snowshoe® measures up on all scores.

People who drive in snow with ordinary tires are begging for trouble. Buying good quality snow tires is not a luxury—it's a necessity.

Since snow tires have to perform on dry roads as well as snowy ones, they should have two different kinds of tread construction, as the Super Shell Snowshoe does.

Rigid tread sections at the center of the tire for roadability and steering ease.

Flexible sections on the outside edges, to grip snow for sure starts and stops. These treads have a second advantage: they're self-cleaning. By flexing they discourage buildup of snow within the tread.

Note the stud holes on the Super Shell Snowshoe. Studs give you extra protection on icy or wet roads. Ask your Shell dealer about your state's regulations concerning when and where steel tire studs may be used (a few states prohibit them).

Good snow tires have wide treads to give you greater protection, greater stability. The overall tread width of the Super Shell Snowshoe here (size G 70 x 15) is 7" wide.

Strong snow tires should have deep treads for better traction, better pulling power. Have your Shell dealer measure the tread depth of a new Super Shell Snowshoe tire for you. You'll see: it's over a half-inch deep.

The materials that make up a snow tire should have proven track records. They must stand up to ice and snow—and plenty of hard driving on dry roads. The Super Shell Snowshoe is made of a four-ply nylon cord construction. We know it stands up.

Before the weather turns snowy, drive to your nearest Shell dealer. Check out the price for the tire size you need for your car—you'll be pleasantly surprised. Learn more about the advantages of driving on Super Shell Snowshoes. Once you buy them you'll be glad you did—mile after mile and winter after winter.

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Another good idea: this year-round, combination antifreeze and engine coolant.

Shellzone helps protect your engine 12 months a year. In cold weather, it lowers the freezing point of the water in your radiator. In hot weather—especially in cars with air conditioning, it helps prevent boil-overs. And it helps prevent rust formation, too. Ask about Shellzone.



walked over to my table. The whole place anticipated another brawl. Huh—Barclay just wanted to borrow \$5."

Bob was the first Player to arrive in the NHL, joining the Rangers during the 1964-65 season. "I was supposed to be the tough guy they needed," he says. Instead of a muscleman, though, Bobby became a comedian—which he still is—and soon was back in the minor leagues. "I used to get mad at people because they thought Canada was an unsocialized place," he says, "and I was always making up pretty good stories to tell them." One time someone asked Bob how old he was. "I don't know," he said. "Indians attacked the settlement where my family lived, killed my parents and burned down the general store where all the records were."

Barclay, meanwhile, was playing for Eddie Shore in Springfield, easily the worst place for a hockey player during the mid-'60s. "Eddie suspended you if he didn't like the way you sneezed," Barclay says. "He used to tie rope around the players' legs so they would not skate with too wide a gap. It got so bad that we all went on strike and forced Eddie to give up running the club."

Young Billy turned professional with the Montreal Canadiens' organization in 1966 and played that year at Houston where, like a good Player, he accumulated 130 penalty minutes in only 51 games. Then came expansion in 1967, and soon all the Players were together in St. Louis. Bob was traded from the Rangers to the Blues moments after the expansion draft. Barclay arrived late in November with Red Berenson. Billy played part of the 1967-68 season with Minnesota, became a Ranger for one day in the summer of 1968 and then was traded to the Blues.

While Billy shuttled between St. Louis and the minor leagues the last two years, Bob and Barclay were becoming solid NHL defencemen—Barclay made the West All-Star squad—and, well, a two-man gashouse gang. "Barclay and I are hated everywhere," Bob says. "People buy tickets just to see if the Players will get theirs. Hey, we even sold out Pittsburgh. Barclay and I had a brawl with a dozen Pittsburgh guys and Barclay had his nose broken. Of course, it took three of them to break it. The next time we went into Pittsburgh they had a sellout, the first one ever."

Bob also became the Blues' team co-

median, a title he does not seem likely to lose. "He's always around cutting your tie in half or cutting off your pants' leg or stealing your luggage just before flight time," Billy says. "He's brutal with me. I can't pronounce my R's, and he always kids me about it in front of the other guys." In Vancouver, Bob asked Billy questions, and Billy's answers had the other players almost in hysterics.

"What kind of car have you got?"

Bob asked.

"A yellow Wotts-Woyce," Billy said.

"Who was the greatest player ever to play in the NHL?"

"Wocket Wichard."

"What kind of game will we play to-night?"

"A wuff one."

Bob, who is the only bachelor among the three, leads an active social life, one that makes early-morning flights to NHL cities a hazardous prospect at best. "I'm a night person," he says. "I play better when I come in late than when I go home and get 12 hours sleep the night before a game." Once he missed an 8 a.m. flight from St. Louis to New York and arrived at Madison Square Garden barely in time for the game.

Lynn Patrick, a vice-president of the Blues, asked Bob what he was trying to prove. "Lynn," Bob said in front of the other players, "you won't believe what happened to me. I jumped out of bed and the clock said 10 o'clock. I looked up at the ceiling and said, 'Why always me, God?' Then the ceiling opened, a big finger pointed down at me and a voice said, 'Cause you bug me, Player.'" Even Patrick had to laugh.

Billy remembers trying to contact Bob one summer so that Bob could be the best man at his wedding. "I finally gave up," he says, "and then Bob appeared at the wedding and wanted to know why he wasn't my best man." Bob laughs. "When the hockey season ends," he says, "no one knows where I am. One year everyone thought I was in Australia, and all the time I was in Little Rock, Arkansas. The publicity office gives you these sheets and asks you where you will be during the summer. I just write: 'In transit.'"

Right now Bob, Barclay and Billy are in transit around the National Hockey League, and before the season ends even the people in Vancouver will know that you never cheer the wuff Players in a visiting wank.

END

Use Christmas Seals. It's a matter of life and breath.



Fight emphysema,
tuberculosis, air pollution.



With thee, Bug, I plight

Being an account of one pilgrim's journey toward True Reality with the object of his adoration, a Bugatti car—than which no woman could be more fickle or imperious—and of the terrible price he pays, and pays, for his grand amour



my troth

by Robert Campbell

The two young cyclists came to a skidding halt and turned to stare as I eased the throbbing, supercharged Bugatti into the elevator of a New York garage.

"What's *dat*?" asked the girl incredulously.

"San ahmah'd cah," replied her boy companion.

"Ha'jah know san ahmah'd cah?" persisted the girl, somewhat dubiously.

"I know an ahmah'd cah when I sees one," snapped the boy, shutting off any further questions.

Such are the incidents that keep the true Bugatti owner going. It doesn't much matter whether the observations are accurate. The important thing is that they should occur with a high rate of frequency, for they provide a direct transfusion to what otherwise would be a seriously damaged ego. Without these little interludes few mortals could withstand the doubts, frustrations and anguish that assail a Bugatti owner as he sets out on the open road, the loneliest driver there because he knows full well that in so doing he is putting himself several hundred, or perhaps a thousand, miles away from the nearest human being who has the faintest idea of what makes this particular machine tick.

By now it is almost common knowledge that the Bugatti is the greatest automobile ever made. There is an aura and mystique about these cars that applies to no other known vehicle. Throughout the 1920s and 1930s they swept the racing circuits of Europe, amassing an overall victory total that has yet to be surpassed. Top speed in some of the last models reached 180 mph, quite a clip even for today. To own a Bugatti was to possess what Sir Malcolm Campbell described as "a car in a class by itself." "*Par sang*" was the term the aficionados used—thoroughbred. There is a story, possibly apocryphal but completely credible, about a Frenchwoman who poisoned her husband to collect his insurance—so she could buy her lover a Bugatti.

World War II put an end to the Bugatti era when the factory at Molsheim in eastern France was overrun by the German army. Ettore Bugatti, the Italian automotive genius who moved to France as a young man and designed the cars that bore his name, died shortly

continued

afterward, Hugh Conway, a Briton and world authority on the cars, estimates that around 6,000 were produced during the 30-odd years of the era and that roughly 1,200 have survived. A few models even appeared in the postwar years. But the spark was gone. Yet, though more than a quarter century has passed, the Bugatti mystique remains as alive as ever. Two magazines in circulation today are devoted purely to Bugatti matters, a fact unique in automotive history. It is as though the era never ended. And in a way it hasn't, for some people anyway, as I discovered on seeing my first Bugatti.

The encounter took place in the summer of 1952. The car, a sleek gray convertible, had been brought to New York from Europe by an engineer friend who was also a sometime racing driver. I had practically lost all interest in automobiles at that point, though I retained vivid childhood memories of the classic American cars of the '30s—my first hair-raising ride in a boat-tailed Auburn Speedster, then hours of curbside watching with the gang in our small town, hoping for a glimpse of one of the great Packards or Cadillacs or Lincolns and later the Cords. But something happened to cars after World War II.

One day in New York I met my friend's Bug (a frequently used diminutive, not a mechanical term). My first reaction was: "What a queer-looking automobile!" And indeed it was, completely unlike any other machine I had ever seen or even imagined. I circled the car warily, looked under it and sat in it as my friend chatted about finned racing brakes, the unique front axle, precise steering, instruments and so on. I still didn't get the idea though. Then he took me for a ride.

We headed uptown through Central Park. The engine made quite a racket. The springs were unyielding. We stopped for a red light just short of the 5 turns at the north end of the park. Two hopped-up motorcycleists on gooked-up motorcycles pulled alongside, gave us the eye and emitted a challenging "vroom, vroom." The light changed and the Bugatti took off, accelerating with

breathtaking speed. It took the sharp curves effortlessly, with but a slight movement of the steering wheel, as though the whole car were hung on rails. The motorcycleists fell behind and dropped from view. We returned to my friend's apartment and I took a second look at the car. This time I got the point.

The car looked exactly like what it had just done. Its design gave the impression of something light and poised, impatient and self-confident, capable, ready to spring alive at the slightest touch and take you whistling down the road at top speed, negotiating the tightest curve with ease, on and on to the end of the world if need be—and you'd better hop in right now or it might just up and depart without you. This pure expression of function and purpose had resulted in a uniquely beautiful automobile. There wasn't a single false note to the design. Every feature served and was subservient to the basics: acceleration, speed, road holding and endurance. Moreover, the design represented what would be called in mathematicians' terms the elegant solution to a problem, as opposed to solving it by brute force. Ettore Bugatti achieved his racing objectives with elegance and finesse, and that is just the way his cars look.

This, I think, is what lies at the core of the Bugatti mystique. There is a look about a Bugatti that says, "I am the Eternal Machine." Closer scrutiny will reveal the barest trace of a smile that says, "I am the Infernal Machine, too." But a novice like myself would not notice that. I was simply hooked. I had to have one of those cars. I had been bitten by the Bug bug but had no way of realizing the virulence of this disease. It has no known cure. It runs a long course, periodically racking the host in feverish convulsions until, hopefully, some immunity sets in. Even then the patient is never quite the same again.

The Bugatti hangup is a transcendental experience in the true sense, with the pilgrim progressing through levels of understanding as though through a series of veils, moving ever onward toward the True Reality, the Ultimate, the One—in this case a true perception of the Eternal Machine. Only a few make it through

the full course of this disease. In this respect the Bug hangup is different from more popular indulgences such as glue sniffing and LSD popping, which produce hallucinations. But however gaudy and exciting these hallucinations may be, they have no objective reality. This is merely a form of self-induced schizophrenia. Bugatti owners, on the other hand, are not the least bit schizzed. A Bug is, after all, a real thing—just as real as Ahab's whale.

At the time I got hooked I realized I lacked several important qualifications for owning a Bugatti. It seemed to me that to maintain such a machine it was necessary to be either rich or a good mechanic, and preferably both. Since the latter course was the only one reasonably open to me, I set out to acquire some knowledge about automobile engines. I read a book. Then, for \$150, I bought a disheveled 1927 Rolls-Royce touring car and hauled it out to a small garage in New Jersey. I took it apart—and over a year of weekend work went by before I got the Rolls back together. Surprisingly enough it actually ran. I drove the car around the block and back to the garage. Then I returned proudly to the city. The next day it turned cold and the Rolls' block cracked.

The week after that I sold it to a fellow from Wilkes-Barre for \$75. It was a beautiful, sunny day and as the Rolls disappeared I sat down on the curb and almost cried. Had I known at the time the true meaning of all the weekends I had invested I might very well have shot myself. For one could spend a whole lifetime working on Rolls-Royces and hardly learn anything relating to Bugattis, as I found out later on.

Now thinking myself prepared, I set out in search of a Bugatti. And five years after being bitten by the Bug bug I had a shot at one—a sleek, white, supercharged, four-door bomb, a late 1939 tourer and one of the last Bugattis made. I phoned a crotchety old Alsatian mechanic I had become acquainted with; I was at least smart enough to know I would need a consultant.

"Charlie, I'd like you to take a look at a Bugatti I want to buy."
"Dun t'buy it,"

continued



The background of the advertisement is a photograph of a man and a woman in an antique shop. The woman, with blonde hair, is wearing a white blouse and a green patterned scarf. The man, with dark hair, is wearing a light blue sweater. They are both looking at a large, ornate, floral-patterned bowl that the woman is holding. The shop is filled with various antique items, including a large wooden wheel on the left, a clock on the right, and a sign that says "THE SWAN" at the top. The lighting is warm and focused on the couple and the bowl.

They want an authentic
Rose Medallion bowl.
And they can't be fooled.
They'll stop in every
little offbeat antique shop
until they find it.
Their cigarette? Viceroy.
They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.

Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.



In the bottom left corner, there are two packs of Viceroy cigarettes. The pack on the left is white with a red vertical band and a gold medallion logo. The pack on the right is also white with a red vertical band and a gold medallion logo. Both packs are labeled "VICEROY" and "Viceroy Cigarettes".

It costs a little more, but it stops.



Bulova Deep Sea Chronograph 915. Other models available. Bulova, Inc., 145 West Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10038. Bulova watches are sold in the U.S. by authorized dealers.

Any watch can tell time. But the Bulova Deep Sea Chronograph also measures time. (Racing time. Motion picture sequence time. Gourmet cooking time. You name it.) With a stop-

watch sweep hand that records to $\frac{1}{5}$ second. And a 30-minute totalizer to add up all those split seconds.

It also has an elapsed time indicator to tell you when your time is running

out. (Underwater. On a parking meter. Before blast-off. Et cetera.)

We get a little more for this water-resistant timepiece. Because you get so much more from it.

Bulova. These days the right time isn't enough.

"But I want to buy it."
"Dun t'buy it."
"But I want it!"
"Are you neh?"
"No."
"Dun t'buy it!"
"But I'm in love with the car, Charlie!"
"So marry it, but dun t'buy it."

I brought the car to Charlie's shop. He contemplated it dubiously. He stuck a finger up the tail pipe and looked at the black smudge that resulted. Dubiously. He lifted the hood, poked up a yard-long stick of wood, pressed one end to the engine and the other to his ear, and listened, dubiously. The stethoscope effect, I thought to myself cheerily, admiring Charlie. "What do you think of her, Charlie?" He arched his eyebrows, hunched his shoulders and curled down the corners of his mouth, all dubiously. "It runs," he said. Then he walked away.

For a modest investment of \$2,000 I became what is known in some quarters as a *Bugattiste*. I experienced instantly what might be described, in transcendental terms, as the "novitate's bends." I finally had my hands on the Ultimate Automobile. And I felt I now stood in the presence of some Final Revelation.

The Bugatti did everything in its power to encourage this deception—by continuing to run, for example. In buying it I had also become a member of what must be the world's most exclusive key club. The ignition keys of most of the later-model cars are identical. A distinct touch? *Un vrai beau geste!* What owner of a Bugatti would conceivably make off with another's machine?

Our first outings together were a success, both socially and sonically. Driving along to the supercharged whine of the engine was pure joy. It was also marvelous for the ego. Pedestrians stared. Crowds gathered. Notes with messages and phone numbers were stuck under the windshield wipers. "Call me immediately! Desperate!" "Take \$6,000 cash!" A Britisher with a highly plaid striped suit, a spanking-new Rolls-Royce and a complete Arthur Treacher accent pulled alongside one evening:

"Oh, I say! Booghhatti, isn't it?"

"Yes it is."
"Late model, what?"
"Fifty-seven C—late '39."
"Thought so. Mnhhhvelus to see one. Simply mnhhhvelus. Luck, old chap!"

There are, one should admit, sexual overtones to such an ego-expanding machine. "Good God!" exclaimed a friend's wife at her first sight of the car. "That's the biggest phallic symbol I've ever seen!" A stop at a favorite French restaurant one evening produced similar results. Guy the bartender, the *patron* and his wife and half the clientele poured out to the sidewalk to admire this particular piece of French pastry. Guy drew me aside and whispered with an air of *Gallie savoir faire*, "She oozz gude for getteeng zee girls, now!"

I began to venture out on longer trips, explaining to my wife all the instruments, levers and buttons on the dash, the track of revving up the engine, double-clutching and shifting down just at the right sound (which, if missed, produces a nerve-shattering grind from the gearbox) and other features of the car. I even let her drive it (she's a good driver). She accepted the hangup with a kind of serene confidence that I wasn't totally barmy or worse and even came to enjoy the car to some extent. I think That's important. For, short of bringing some young thing home to live with you, I can't imagine anything that could break up a marriage quicker than a Bugatti. It is totally impossible to explain the hours over at the shop doing little things like polishing the brake drums or re-packing the water pump or searching through store after store for some obscure kind of grease that hasn't been made in 30 years. In all that time you know what you've been up to?

A notice appeared once in the sports section of the Sunday *Times* advertising two Bugattis for sale. It concluded with: "Wife says must go." I couldn't help feeling that if that was the way it was with them the fellow would have been better off keeping the cars instead.

On the open road I developed a facile habit of turning small defects into large virtues that, at the least, must have been mildly infuriating. One Christmas we started out for Maryland in a light



Motocyclists pulled up and emitted a challenging "vroom, vroom"

snowstorm to spend a few days with my mother. We were hardly under way when the windshield-wiper motor quit. "Ha!" I said to my wife. "Now you'll see that Mr. Bugatti thought of everything." I reached for a walnut knob on the walnut dash. This knob connected directly with the wipers and by turning it left right, left right the wipers did the same. For 250 miles I worked the wipers by hand. A pessimist might have said that the car needed that knob because the wiper motor was none too reliable. But I didn't look at it that way. I couldn't afford to, emotionally.

We arrived at my mother's house and were greeted with the news that my old friend Bill was having a cocktail party and we were definitely expected. We went, and my old friend Bill held out a drink for me. I accepted it in the wiper hand, curling my stiff fingers around the glass. Immediately and automatically the hand rotated gently to the left and dumped the drink down my old friend Bill's shirt.

In the course of such trips I became superstitious about the car, convinced that it was inhabited by some druidlike spirit. Once I took it out while a bit tipsy. The motor gradually died and the Bug refused to budge. I attributed this to a kind of self-preservation instinct

recount

on the part of the car. The next day it ran perfectly. On one of those hypnotic hauls up the New Jersey Turnpike the sound of the motor seemed to rise and fall rhythmically. It alarmed me. I couldn't understand it. I popped my ears. The rhythm persisted. I finally concluded that the car had undertaken to keep the driver awake.

Approaching New York at dawn I glanced in the rearview mirror. An enormous cloud of white smoke was billowing out behind the Bugatti. "My God!" I thought. "The Red Baron has shot us down!" I pulled off the road and lifted the hood. Nothing. I started up again. Nothing. No smoke, no nothing. We finished the trip, wide awake but quite without incident.

This mixture of awe and superstition, fantasy, fright and rationalization presents a reasonably accurate sketch of the classic fool's paradise. Somewhere in the back of my mind was developing a terrible, unformulated thought, "I really don't know a blinking thing about this automobile." My ego bubble was about to burst. One "pop" and all that élan would vanish. It was time for me to be graduated from the Lower Level to the Second Stage. I was quite unaware of this, thinking somewhat foolishly that I had already arrived.

Graduation exercises took place on a trip to Richmond with a film producer friend named Larry Madison. I picked up Larry at his house, handed him a stick of gum and asked if he would mind chewing some. "We have an oil leak," I explained as we headed south. (Charlie had told me that gum was a good leak sealer in a pinch.) We made Richmond with only a few stops for gum and water for the radiator and headed back the next afternoon. In the middle of nowhere, the bad news came in the form of a loud rapping sound in the engine. "Sounds like a connecting rod," said Larry. We limped into a little one-horse town and up to a garage. A mechanic came out.

"My friend is sick," I said.

"Mebbe I can hep ya."

"No, sir, I don't think you can."

The mechanic seemed insulted. He lifted the hood, took one look at the su-

percharged Bugatti engine and slammed the hood down again.

"No, suh, I don't think I can eiteh."

"Well, tell us how to get the bus to Frederickburg and mail me the car."

The next morning, back in New York, I called Charlie:

"Our mutual friend is sick."

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?*"

"*B y a un burned-out bearing. I think.*"

Charlie just whistled.

Several days later the Bugatti arrived at Charlie's shop on a truck. It was pushed against the side wall along with a Lagonda, a Delahaye, a Hispano-Suiza, a Packard tourer and several Rolls-Royces that awaited the Master's attention. I asked him what he thought a job like mine would run. "Don't count on getting out of here for less than \$750" was as far as he would go. I volunteered to help out on weekends, doing unceremonious chores like taking off nuts and bolts and cleaning up parts and so on, with some vague idea that I would thereby learn something and possibly also cut costs. Charlie agreed.

My racing friend took a dim view of this plan, pointing out that there were a lot of things about Bugatti engines that you really have to know in order to rebuild one properly, that tolerances, nut tightnesses and things like that are critical in a racing engine, even a detuned touring version of the engine. He urged me to send the engine back to the factory in France. I refused, feeling that if I did I would end up knowing no more about the car than I did to start with, whereas if I helped out around Charlie's shop I would discover what made the thing tick. Secretly, of course, I was actually blowing up a new ego balloon to replace the one that had just popped. This balloon, appropriate to the Second Stage, would be labeled with the following doubtful proposition:

List all possible false starts. What then remains is the right way. The proposition is suspect because with a Bugatti there are an infinite number of possible false starts.

Work began in Charlie's shop, which on a Bugatti is not easy, because the engine must be removed completely from

the car before anything significant can be accomplished. To get it out, the hood, side panels, front fenders and radiator have to come off. Only then comes the really unique challenge of the celebrated Bugatti power plant. It is put together with dozens and dozens of little nuts and bolts, like an airplane engine, instead of a lesser number of larger ones. "Must have had someone working full time just making nuts and bolts," muttered Charlie. The nuts and bolts also come in a fantastic variety of sizes, requiring not only a full complement of European metric wrenches but some British and American wrenches and a few pure Bugatti wrenches. Some nuts are almost impossible to get at without hiring a part-time midget or bending a perfectly good wrench into some corkscrew shape. Watching Charlie struggle with one particularly inaccessible nut behind the water pump, I remarked with some pride: "I guess Mr. Bugatti built his cars to stay together, not come apart." Charlie exploded: "Damn gumes ought to have been a Swiss watchmaker!"

After several weeks of this the famous Bugatti crankshaft came out. Unlike most crankshafts, which are cast, this remarkable object was machined out of a solid billet of steel—journals, counterweights and all. "It's beautiful," I said. "A work of art," commented Charlie grudgingly. "Didn't nobody make that in a day. Well, no use just standing here looking at it." Somehow that's what happened, though, for almost two years.

In an effort to keep things going I fiddled around with trivial matters like scraping 25 years of gunk off the chassis with a putty knife, getting small parts rebuilt and taking the eight-day stop clock to the watchmaker. From time to time Charlie would look at the parts scattered about his old, dingy shop and remark: "Yes, sir. We gotta be sober when we put that back together."

Finally Charlie got around to me. I found him with my pistons lined up on a workbench. "Watcha doin'?" I asked with as much casualness as I could muster. "Knurling up your pistons. Makes 'em a little larger." This, Charlie had reasoned, would compensate for the fact

continued



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that pistons and cylinder walls had undoubtedly become somewhat worn through use. I pointed out to Charlie that I had backtracked on the history of the car and discovered it already had oversized pistons in it. A previous owner had demanded that it run quieter. "When you leave here you're gonna have a nice tight engine, son" was Charlie's only response.

The engine gradually resumed its original shape. And then came the problem of getting it back into the car. Charlie devoted a whole day to squeezing the engine back in—pulling, pushing, turning, wiggling and kicking at it in the process. Every now and then his pressure valve let go. "A lot of other people made automobiles that stood up, didn't they? Hum and his crazy ideas!" Later, in a muffled singsong from beneath the car: "*La misère. La misère de Bugatti*" (imparting to the name the full flavor of its proper pronunciation—Boo-gha-tee). Finally he succeeded, crawled out from under the car and kicked it viciously. "Any man ever made a crazy automobile, this is it! Mr. Bugatti, I hate you!"

Charlie started the car. It ran, in a somewhat ragged fashion. Charlie fiddled around, and the engine sounded smoother. His assistant suggested that maybe now the fenders and hood could go back on. "No sir," snapped

Charlie, "not until the engine is running perfectly."

The car was run in the shop periodically for several days, and then the old man took it out and drove it around the block. Hood and fenders went back on. After that the Bugatti refused to run at all. Charlie stared at the car in disbelief. "Heartbreaking automobile," he said. He fiddled some more. "It's some damn little thing about this bug," he said, holding up two fingers about two inches apart.

I called a Bugatti expert in Connecticut to ask if he would take a look. He couldn't but said he would send someone. The next day a little man arrived with a little Bugatti emblem in the lapel of his coat, which somehow infuriated me. The little man removed a sparkplug and took a compression check. There was a slight whistling sound but no compression. The same was true in other cylinders. "The valves are all bent," the little man said. Then he went home.

Charlie couldn't believe it. Summer came and went and he still couldn't believe it. Apparently there are things about a Bugatti that elude a good Rolls-Royce man. But in the fall he went at it again, took the engine out, dismantled it, straightened the valves and reassembled the car once more. In the latter operation he followed a suggestion made by the Connecticut consultant to make assembly easier. He glued the piston rings to the cylinders to make inserting them easier. Then he poured solvent through the sparkplug holes to dissolve the cement and release the rings, draining the resulting gunk out of the bottom of the engine. Then came the day for the Great Road Test.

I had a business date at a research lab in New Jersey, and Charlie agreed that a run out there would be a good first trip. Early the next morning I arrived at the shop. The car was poised and ready to go, all warmed up and with a blanket over the classic, horseshoe-shaped radiator. Charlie was ready to go, too. No coveralls for a classy test like this. Instead a tweed suit and golf cap. We made the 35-mile trip without incident, and I waved goodbye to Charlie as he headed back to the city. By mid-

afternoon, unable to bear the suspense any longer, I called the shop.

"How are things?"

"Not so good."

"What happened?"

"You know that long, slow grade up to the George Washington Bridge?"

"Yes."

"Burned out a bearing."

This time it was my turn to whistle. I returned to the city, got to the shop as soon as I could and looked at the fine-mesh wire screen that forms the car's oil filter. It was completely covered with a kind of goosy slop. The recommended solvent had dissolved the glue, all right. But Charlie had not gotten it all out of the engine. The residue had clogged off all oil circulation, which is as good a way as any to burn out a bearing. Charlie took the hood and fenders off again.

I made the next road test myself, down the West Side Highway, around the Battery and up the FDR Drive, where I knew I could keep moving and the car would not overheat. But at the Battery it began to overheat. And by the time I reached the 96th Street exit it was boiling. I pulled off and stopped. The car spat out several quarts of boiling water. I sat there waiting for it to cool down. "Charlie made me a nice, tight engine all right," I thought, "and it'll take about 10,000 miles to break it in."

I speculated briefly on what people would think of an ad in the *Times* that read: "Orner says must go!" I rejected the idea as being unfair to the Bugatti—humiliating, even. After all, it was not *my* fault that it had become involved in some affair of the halt leading the blind into one cul-de-sac after another. It was *not* its fault if it became overheated. To hell with elan and all that. To hell with *my* ego. What about its ego? The car deserved better than this.

At this point, unaware as ever, I was beginning to move from the Second Level to the Third Level, where the split occurs between Bugatti fanciers and Bugatti lovers. I very well might have decided that the car was just too much trouble, persuaded Charlie to get a running somehow and unloaded it on the next unsuspecting fancier. I imagine quite a few Bugattis change hands at

She poisoned her husband—and bought her lover a Bugatti with the insurance.





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continued

this stage. But I couldn't do it. I cared about the car and wanted to see it functioning properly. And, despite the hang-ups, I had learned enough to become convinced of something that is the definition of the Third Level: No matter what anyone says, there *is* a Right Way.

"Bugattis ran hot," Charlie had said. I was quite certain by this point that only sick Bugattis ran hot. After all, the engine was designed to run wide open for 24 hours straight in a race like Le Mans, for example. So why should it boil over tooling around Manhattan at 35 or 40 mph? Charlie had obviously made the pistons too tight. And there were probably several dozen other things wrong with the engine that I didn't know about. But I was quite sure by now that there was a Right to it and that in some ultimate way a Bugatti engine did make sense. Further, I was hooked on the thought of one day knowing what *that* engine would be like.

I tried to start the car but the engine had seized and would not turn over at all. A tow truck hauled us back to Charlie's shop. Charlie broke the engine loose by applying a crowbar to the flywheel and presented his bill—\$1,500. My jaw sagged. Charlie was a sport about it, though. He knew I wanted to keep the car in his shop. There were still a million little things to attend to. And he let me pay him in the course of the next month or so.

Good times returned. I ran the car carefully and managed to keep it below boiling. Gradually it loosened up and cooled down, and the joys of the open road returned. We had the car on Nantucket one whole summer, and it enjoyed the cool climate. The Bugatti went to the store and performed other minor errands, just like any family car. But time finally ran out on another trip back from Maryland. The oil pressure dropped, and again came the telltale hammering. This time the engine went back to the factory. Quite a few letters were exchanged. A query as to what had gone wrong evoked the stark reply: "*Le passage d'huile des manetons du vilebrequin était complètement bouché.*" Which is to say that the oil channels of the crankshaft were plugged up. More

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continued

of that glue-and-solvent gunk, no doubt.

In due time the engine returned from the factory completely rebuilt to original Bugatti specifications. It sounded great—very strong. It ran at a cool 65° centigrade, just like my old manual said it should. I broke it in carefully and began to take it up slowly to the higher rpm's. It, in turn, began to run hot. The radiator was flushed out. Still it ran hot. Once on the open road it boiled over quite unaccountably. After that a slight rapping sound could be heard when the engine was cold. The sound disappeared once it was warmed up, which meant that when I took the car to a mechanic to ask about it, it wouldn't make its noise.

Disaster came on a long trip to upstate New York with a friend named Dunbar. We were climbing a long grade near the little town of Herkimer when suddenly smoke began to pour up from beneath the floorboards, accompanied by a death rattle from the engine. Dunbar remarked: "Bubbe, I do believe we're afire." I pulled off the road. The engine stopped with a clunk that had all the finality of a prison gate being slammed shut. I lifted the hood. The No. 1 spark was covered with a whiff of paste that I could only imagine was vaporized aluminum from a piston. We were only a few miles short of our destination and soon managed to get a push to the motel. I put in a call to Bob Schultze, the best mechanic I know, who has a shop in New Jersey near where I now live. "We've come a cropper," I said.

Bob closed his shop at noon the next day and came to fetch us.

Quite unbelievably it turned out that The Works, as the Bugatti factory is sometimes called, had blundered. Someone had installed the No. 1 piston and connecting rod backward, which put a lot of pressure on the weak side of the piston. This, in turn, had made for excessive friction and explained the overheating. Under the strain the piston had finally exploded into two fragments. This discovery restored my confidence in the rightness of the engine. Once more a defect in execution, not in design.

A month later I set out on a business roadshow.

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trip to the West Coast. I wrapped up one of the good pistons and rods in a paper bag and put it in my suitcase. "If anything happens to the airplane," I told my wife, "and the FAA finds this piston while they're poking around in the rubble, it'll take them three months and cost the Government \$10,000 to figure out where it came from." I had a side destination on the Coast, the shop of O. A. Phillips near Pasadena. Bunny, as he's called, is the honorary chairman of the American Bugatti Club. He had the original Bugatti agency in Hollywood in the 1930s, raced the cars then and has worked on practically nothing but Bugattis since. If anyone in the world knows the Right of it, I figured, it's got to be Bunny.

We talked for three hours about little details and touches I'd never heard of or even imagined, and when I returned home I shipped Bunny my engine.

Later, Bob and I contemplated the body. It, too, clearly needed attention to prevent it from deteriorating. We put it on a truck and carted it off to the obvious mecca for bodies, Earl Lewis' Restoration Shop near Princeton. Ultimately the chassis, too, will be towed to still a third mecca for rewiring and a few other things, a place known as Vintage Auto Restorations, Inc. run by an East Coast Bug expert named Donald Lefferts.

That's about as far as you can scatter an automobile. But I know now that it's the Right Way. Old Charlie was right about one thing at least, asking, "Are you rich?" But I cannot let that nagging question interfere now. For somewhere along the line I took another piece of his advice and married the car, for better or worse (and in sickness and in health). I now stand on the threshold of the Fourth Level where, like Ahab's whale, the Eternal Machine beckons. I know now that there is indeed such a thing as a real Bugatti, a car that will run to the end of the world if need be, with that feeling of joy and response I have had but the faintest glimpse of so far. And I have my hands on one—almost. All that remains is for it to come together. Somewhere in my future there is the Ultimate Automobile Name: Bugatti. I hope we make it.

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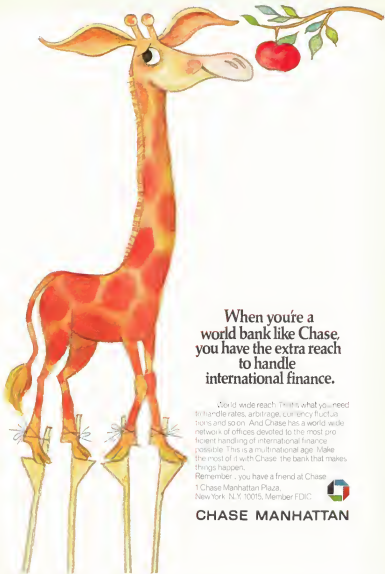
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P2

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TOXIC POLLUTANTS

Sirs:

It was past time for *SI* to step forward with its article *Poison Reopens Our Coastal Seas* (Oct. 26). The deadly pollution that is wreaking havoc on our coastal waters and their inhabitants comes almost exclusively from economic ventures, whether they be industrial plants or farmers taking care of their crops. As we all know, it is difficult to appeal to someone when his pocketbook is at stake. Only with the help of the molders of public opinion, such as magazines like *SI*, can we have an effective response to this tragic situation.

Two basic problems are involved in the caretaking of our coastal waters. The first is their salvation. The second is the preservation of the creatures that inhabit them. Tons of seafood are taken each year from our estuaries, bays and other coastal areas. It is evident that we are daily reducing the amount of edible seafood in these waters. Should the reproduction of these creatures

now be made impossible by toxic pollutants because of our carelessness and stupidity, the seafood could be lost forever.

My sincere thanks for your article.

TOM BRASLEY

Austin, Texas

Sirs:

The presentation of clear, candid, well-documented articles such as those that have appeared in your magazine will hopefully open more eyes to the unchecked damage to our natural surroundings.

It is perhaps significant to note that most people in this country still look upon pollution as simply an unfortunate annoyance and not as an imminent threat to all life on this planet. If our elected officials and government agencies are ever to act meaningfully on behalf of our environment, it must be in response to a feeling of urgency generated by an enlightened populace.

MARK RABIN

Freeport, N.Y.

Sirs:

Thank you, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. As a graduate student in chemistry I appreciate not only your interest in publicizing ecological problems, but also your having funded a study. Until more nongovernment groups are willing to spend money to find out what is wrong with our environment and to publicize their findings, little will be done to eliminate the causes of pollution.

GEORGIA WEINSTEIN

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Like Dr. Robert F. Smolker, State University of New York ecologist, I am horrified by some of the data you have published. As an ardent fisherman I congratulate Robert H. Boyle *et al*. But there is more the public can do. It can and should demand that the use of these harmful and persistent chemicals be halted—now.

JOSEPH F. JENNINGS

Miami

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YESTERDAY

Not Every Bloomer Held A Girl

There is no way of knowing what Amelia Jenks Bloomer, the 19th century precursor of today's militant bra burners, thought of the baseball teams that were named after her, or even if she ever saw them play. Her vaunted "uniform of liberation" degraded into a mere gym suit, the lady who in the 1850s sought to free her sisters by putting them in harem pants instead of skirts had pretty much passed into oblivion by the time women's baseball really got going, for it was not until the 1880s that women's rights were extended to the baseball diamond.

One of the first officially recorded distaff games was played in 1883 when two all-girl teams from Philadelphia, the Blondes and the Brunettes, met in Newark, to the detriment of the Blondes, who lost by a score of 40-22. Unaware of Mrs. Bloomer's valiant efforts to set them free, however, the ladies of both teams took the field in flowing skirts.

It was not until 25 years later that the first Bloomer Girls played daringly clad in a streamlined version of Amelia's flowing Turkish pantaloons and changed the whole aspect of the women's game. In 1927 the American Physical Education Association devised a set of rules for outdoor women's baseball, an effort that led eventually to the development of several all-girl leagues. But this was sissy stuff compared to the sport pursued almost a quarter of a century earlier by the free-swinging Bloomer Girls. Asking no special favors, these women toured the country playing a man's game by men's rules against men.

Like "Harry's Hell Drivers" at some local country fair today, "Bloomer Girls" was a name without copyright; it was used indiscriminately by any number of enterprising promoters to signify all sorts of motley collections of barnstorming ballplayers trying to scratch a buck out of the sandlots of early 20th century America. One such outfit, called the Texas Bloomer Girls, included seven girls, four boys with two arms each and a fifth boy with only one arm who played centerfield. "I guess you heard of this boy," wrote the Texas Bloomer Girls' manager in a long letter to a prospective backer. "He was the feature of the game last season when we defeated the Weidmans 7-2 and we defeated the strong Madison and Richmond, Indiana teams. We have two girls who are pitchers, Miss Grace who was a southpaw

and Miss Coon of Dayton O and we have a man pitcher and he is a southpaw also, and we ask you if you want to make some money, this is one of the best ways to make it. You get the games for us we would like to play every day ball, you can make about three hundred dollars clear money every week. I guess I will close for this time. Hoping to hear from you I remain yours."

Not all Bloomer Girl managers were honest enough to state beforehand that they lacked their lineup with men. Fairly frequently, players who took the field as Bloomer Girls were in fact Bloomer Guys, dressed in appropriate wig and costume. One Clarence Wortham of the New England Bloomer Girls, according to his manager, made "as handsome a girl as any boy on the team." Clarence's team found it easier than many to foster this innocent charade, since it played many of its games at night under gas lanterns that according to the advance billing "turned night into day" and made the dearest diamond glitter with "bright, white light."

From the point of view of sportsmanship it seems only fair that Bloomer Girl teams should have been permitted a man or two in their ranks, because their opponents were always men. What's more, they occasionally beat them. An article in the *Literary Digest* of July 28, 1923 noted that "one of the best semi-professional man's baseball teams in New Jersey" lost to the Kansas City Bloomer Girls in a stunning upset.

One advantage all Bloomer Girls got from never playing each other in any kind of organized league was the fact that each team could claim itself as "the champion." The Bloomer Girls of Boston went so far as to boast that they were "not only the Amateur champions of the United States and Canada but likewise of the independent class."

Constantly on the road, these Bostonians once played 28 games in 26 days without a loss. Their streak began in Sapulpa, Okla. on July 3 with an 8-1 win. The following day they swept a July 4 doubleheader from an embarrassed Tulsa team 11-0 and 11-3. This was followed by consecutive shutouts in Skiatook, Owasso and Ocala and continued with a perfect run through Kansas that included another doubleheader sweep of 7-2 in an afternoon game in Almena and 9-5 in an early evening contest in Norton, 11 miles away.

Whatever the rewards of such a vagabond life, the constant traveling and quick-stop dinners would have been difficult for most men, and certainly only a special breed of woman could endure it. One manager claimed his "Tennessee girls were equally talented at playing baseball and chewing tobacco." "Thus," he added, "pleased the customers a whole lot."

An even more virile crowd were the New York Bloomer Girls who, in 1913, ended a tour of North Carolina by wrecking a hotel in Raleigh. The carnage began when they demolished the windows, mirrors and chairs. When the proprietor demanded payment for the damage, the Bloomer Girls not only refused to pay but turned on him as well, and when the town's only police officer came to the rescue he met a barrage of "shoes, bats, masks and baseball weapons."

Such on- and off-the-field antics lent the Bloomer Girls a sideshow appeal that organized baseball could not provide. Perhaps it did not draw baseball fans so much as it drew the curious, but it did draw. Even the fans could be counted on to provide a certain amount of mild entertainment, such as when a wig came flying off and indignation at a suddenly hairless Bloomer Girl swelled into outrage. One set of distrustful fans stormed the playing field before a game to yank at the hair of the players, one of whom—name of Rosie—decked a skeptic with a convincing left.

Since Rosie's day, women's baseball, such as it is, has suffered the dignities of organization and codification in softball leagues and women's colleges. And this, perhaps, is good. But it's just possible that Amelia Bloomer would have preferred the rough-and-tumble of the game played by her namesakes.

—LARRY KEITH

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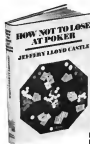
play indicated by considerations of mathematical probability, he should always know when he is deviating and by how much. His assured knowledge will guarantee that he does better in the long run than the competitor who is uncertain.

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18TH HOLE *continued*

SEASON OPENERS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your preview of pro basketball's 25th season (Oct. 26). It was all very good, except for the remarks you made about Jim Barnett and the Portland Trailblazers. Barnett must have turned from an All-Flake into an All-Great, because he averaged 20.9 points (with rookie Geoff Petrie close behind) during the pre-season play.

KENT WESTPHAL

Salem, Ore.

Sirs:

I cannot see how you can predict that Milwaukee will run away with it in the NBA's Midwestern Division. Milwaukee has the edge, but Detroit isn't far behind.

RICH ODDO

Middletown, N.J.

Sirs:

Milwaukee's Big O is not big enough to handle the Knicks.

ROSE GUTELL

Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sirs:

Having chased the Knicks across the country half a dozen times last season, I was astonished at how well Douglas Goethere captured the feeling of pro basketball. He has portrayed in six paintings what no man could describe in 600 pages.

JERRY DESIRE,
Executive Sports Editor
The Miami News

Miami

ARMSTRONG'S SUSPENSION

Sirs:

Throughout my association with professional basketball I have had nothing but the highest regard for the accuracy in the reporting of your magazine. However, in the SPORT CARD section of your Oct. 26 issue you state that Warren Armstrong was suspended by me for his activities in regard to the formation of a black union. This is a gross error. The problems that existed between this franchise and Warren Armstrong were totally unrelated to color, and any inference of a color problem does a great injustice and disservice to Warren Armstrong as well as to the Kentucky Colonels.

MAC STORIN,
President
Kentucky Colonels

Louisville

LINEMAN

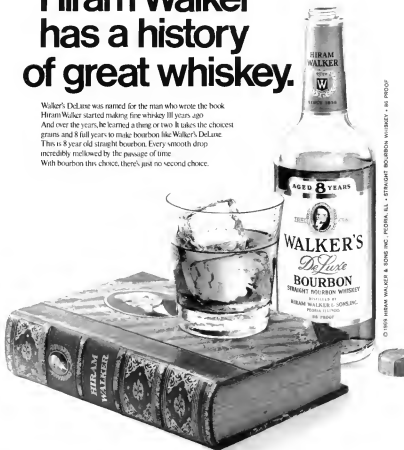
Sirs:

I feel that you overlooked an obvious choice in your selection of the Lineman of the Week for your Oct. 19 issue. Jeff Siemon of Stanford received the honor after a fine performance of eight assists and seven

continued

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unassisted tackles while taking part in a mild upset. Dick Biddle of Duke, however, made 14 unassisted tackles and 16 assists in a major upset over previously unbeaten West Virginia. Moreover, Biddle was hampered by a back injury. I feel that an improved performance such as his definitely deserves SI's recognition.

ROBERT B. MARSHALL

Durham, N.C.

HANDS DOWN

Sirs:

I was interested in Bill Pryce's suggestion that football players who commit a foul be required to identify themselves (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Oct. 12). Either pro football is becoming more brutal, or television, with its instant replays and closeups, is making the violence of the game more apparent. This was brought home to me during the Detroit-Chicago game. Early in the game Mel Farr ran for a short gain and was tackled. As he was going down, he received an estraneous forearm blow to his back. The instant replay clearly showed this blatant foul.

Perhaps a limit of major fouls should be imposed on football players, as in basketball. This would certainly reduce the num-

ber of penalties and perhaps also the number of permanent injuries being suffered by players of this game.

HANK MEYERS

Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Bill Pryce's suggested rule change might reduce the number of penalties, but it could also reduce the number of football players. Just imagine a situation like this: you're at Franklin Field and the seldom victorious Eagles are putting together a drive for the go-ahead score. The clock shows 20 seconds but a holding penalty is called, putting them out of field-goal range. What do you think will happen when the guilty Eagle lineman holds up his hand in front of 60,000 desperate fans?

Forget the idea, we would rather use our imagination. Besides, it might be a favorite player, and that wouldn't be good at all.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM

Philadelphia

Sirs:

The center snaps the ball and the quarterback fakes back to pass. The center grabs a blitzing linebacker to prevent a crushed

quarterback and a poor grade after the week's film analysis. An alert referee catches the infraction and throws his flag. But in his desire to keep visual contact with the offender so that he can ask him to hold up his hand, the official fails to note that the defensive end has been holding the offensive tight end to keep him from running his pattern.

Down with Mr. Pryce's suggestion.

ERNEST B. PRICE

Hays, Kans.

Sirs:

To enlighten Bill Pryce, it is an unwritten rule that the captain or coach may learn the identity of a football player committing a personal foul simply by inquiring of the official making the call.

SEYMOUR STEINMAN, D.D.S.

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